Accessions
149.587

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MONSIEVR THOMAS.

A COMEDY.

Acted at the Private House in *Blacke Fryers*.

The Author,
IOHN FLETCHER,
Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Iohn Waterſon*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Crowne:
1639.

149.587
May 1873

TO THE NOBLE HONOVRER OF The dead Authors works and memory, Master CHARLES COTTON.

SIR,

MY directing of this piece unto you, renders me obvious to many censures, which I would willingly prevent by declaring mine owne and your right thereto. Mine was the fortune to be made the unworthy preserver of it; yours is the worthy opinion you have of the Author and his Poems: neither can it easily be determined, whether your affection to them hath made you (by observing) more able to judge of them, then your ability to judge of them hath made you to af-

fect them, deservedly, not partially. In this presumptuous act of mine, I expresse my two-fold zeale; to him and your noble selfe, who have built him a more honourable monument in that faire opinion you have of him, then any inscription subject to the wearing of time can be. You will finde him in this Poem as active as in others, to many of which, the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malitious custome more than reason: yet they have since by your candid selfe and others beene cleerely vindicated. You shall oblige by your acceptance of this acknowledgement (which is the best I can render you, mine own weake labours being too unworthy your judicious perusall) him that is ambitious to be known

Your most humble servant;

RICHARD BROME.

In prayſe of the Authour, and his following Poeme.

'Tis both the life of Action and of wit,
When Actors ſo the fanci'd humours hit,
As if 'twixt them and th' Authour there were ſtrife
How each to other ſhould give mutuall life.
The laſt this wanted not. Invention ſtrayes
Here in full many pleaſant turning wayes,
That like Meanders their curld circles bend,
Yet in a ſmooth ſtreame runne to crowne the end.
Then 'tis authoriz'd by the Authors name;
Who never writ but with ſuch ſprightly flame,
As if the Muſes jointly did inſpire,
His raptures only with their ſacred fire.
And yet perhaps it did participate
At firſt preſenting but of common fate;
When ignorance was judge, and but a few
What was legitimate, what baſtard, knew.
The world's growne wiſer now: each man can ſay
If Fletcher *made it 'tis an exc'lent play.*
Thus Poemes like their Authors may be ſed,
Never to live 'till they have firſt beene dead.

Rich. Brome.

Monſieur *Thomas*,

A Comedy.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Alice and Valentine.

Alice.

HOw dearely welcome you are!

Val. I know it,
And my beſt ſiſter, you as deer to my ſight,
And pray let this confirm it, how you have govern'd
My poore ſtate in my abſence, how my ſervants,
I dare and muſt beleeve, elſe I ſhould wrong ye,
The beſt and worthieſt.

Alice As my womans wit Sir,
Which is but weake and crazie.

Val. But good *Alice*
Tell me how fares the gentle *Cellide*,
The life of my affection, ſince my travell,
My long, and lazie travell? is her love ſtill
Vpon the growing hand? do's it not ſtop
And wither at my yeares? has ſhe not view'd
And entertain'd ſome yonger ſmooth behaviour

Some youth but in his bloſſome, as her ſelfe is?
There lyes my feares.

Alice They need not, for beleeve me
So well you have manag'd her, and won her minde,
Even from her houres of childehood, to this ripeneſſe,
And in your abſence, that by me inforced ſtil,
So well diſtill'd your gentleneſſe into her,
Obſerv'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd ſtill in her,
And though Love be a boy, and ever youthfull,
And young, and beauteous objects ever aym'd at,
Yet here yee have gone beyond love, better'd nature,
Made him appeare in yeares, in gray yeares fiery,
His bow at full bent ever: feare not brother,
For though your body has been farre off from her,
Yet every houre your heart, which is your goodneſſe,
I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
And willingly to give it ever harbour:
Beleeve ſhe is ſo much yours, and won by miracle,
(Which is by age) ſo deep a ſtamp ſet on her
By your obſervances, ſhe cannot alter,
Were the childe living now ye loſt at ſea
Among the *Genoway* Gallies, what a happineſſe,
What a maine bleſſing?

Val. O no more good ſiſter,
Touch no more that ſtring, 'tis too harſh and jarring.
With that childe all my hopes went, and you know
The root of all thoſe hopes, the mother too
Within few dayes.

Alice 'Tis too true, and too fatall,
But peace be with their ſoules.

Val. For her loſſe
I hope, the beauteous *Cellide*.

Alice. You may Sir,
For all ſhe is, is yours.

Val. For the poore boyes loſſe,
I have brought a noble friend, I found in travell
A worthier minde, and a more temperate ſpirit
If I have ſo much judgement to diſcerne 'em,

Man

Man yet was never maſter of.

Alice What is he?

Val. A Gentleman, *I* doe aſſure my ſelfe,
And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it:
I found him at *Valentia*, poore and needy,
Onely his minde the maſter of a treaſure.
I ſought his friendſhip, wonne him by much violence,
His honeſty and modeſty ſtill fearing
To thruſt a charge upon me; how *I* love him,
He ſhall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions: uſe him nobly,
It is my will, good ſiſter, all *I* have
I make him free companion in, and part er,
But onely

Alice *I* obſerve ye, hold your right there,
Love and high rule allowes no rivals, brother,
He ſhall have faire regard, and all obſervance.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas Ye are welcome noble Sir.

Val. What, Monſieur *Hylas*,
I me glad to ſee your merry body well yet.

Hyl. Yf'aith y'are welcome home; what news beyond ſeas?

Val. None, but new men expected, ſuch as you are
To breed new admirations: 'tis my ſiſter,
Pray ye know her ſir.

Hylas With all my heart, your leave Lady.

Alice Ye have it ſir.

Hylas A ſhrewd ſmart touch, which do's prognoſticate
A body keene and active, ſomewhat old,
But that's all one: age brings experience
And knowledge to diſpatch. *I* muſt be better
And neerer in my ſervice, with your leave ſir,
To this faire Lady.

Val. What, the old ſquire of dames ſtill? (now

Hyl. Still the admirer of their goodneſſe: with all my heart

I love a woman of her yeares, a pacer
That lay the bridle in her neck will travell
Forty, and somewhat fulsome is a fine dish,
These yong colts; are too sketish.

Enter Mary.

Al. My cosin Mary
In all her joy Sir to congratulate
Your faire returne.
Val. My loving, and kind cosin,
A thousand welcomes.
Mary. A thousand thanks to heaven Sir
For your safe, voyage, and returne.
Val. I thanke e:
But wher's my blessed *Cellide?* her slackness
In visitation.
Mary Thinke not so deere Vncle,
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With teares and prayers.
Val. Ye have given me too much comfort.
Mary She will not be long from ye.
Hyl. Your faire cosin?
Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balke sir,
If your old rule raigne in you, ye may know her.
Hyl. A happy stocke ye have, right worthy Lady,
The poorest of your servants, vowes his duty
And obliged faith.
Mary O 'tis a kisse you would sir,
Take it, and tye your tongue up.
Hyl. I am an asse
I doe perceive now: a blinde asse, a blockhead:
For this is handsomnesse, this that that drawes us,
Body and bones: oh what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her?
How like a Swan she swims her pace, and beares
Her silver breasts? this is the woman, she,
And onely she, that I will so much honour

As to thinke worthy of my love, all older Idols
I heartily abhorre, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions beſides hers, to Gypſies.

Enter Francis at one door, and Celide at another.

Val. O my deere life, my better heart, all dangers,
Diſtreſſes in my travell, all misfortunes,
Had they been endleſſe like the houres upon me,
In this kiſſe, had been buried in oblivion:
How happy have ye made me, truely happy?
Cel. My joy has ſo much overmaſtered me,
That in my teares for your returne.
Val. O deereſt:
My noble friend too: what a bleſſedneſſe
Have I about me now? how full my wiſhes
Are come agen, a thouſand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon ye: all I have,
The faire and liberall uſe of all my ſervants
To be at your command, and all the uſes
Of al within my power.
Fran. Ye are too munificent,
Nor am I able to conceive thoſe thanks ſir.
Val. Ye wrong my tender love now, even my ſervice,
Nothing accepted, nothing ſtuck between us
And our intire affections, but this woman,
This I beſeech ye friend.
Fran. It is a jewell
I doe confeſſe would make a thiefe, but never
Of him that's ſo much yours, and bound your ſervant,
That were a baſe ingratitude.
Val. Ye are noble,
Pray be acquainted with her, keep your way ſir,
My cofin and my ſiſter.
Alice Ye are moſt welcome:
Mary If any thing in our poore powers faire ſir
To render ye content, and liberall welcome
May but appeare, command it.

Alice Ye ſhall find us
Happy in our performance.
Fra. The poore ſervant
Of both your goodneſſes preſents his ſervice.
Val. Come no more complement: cuſtome has made it
Dull, old, and tedious: ye are once more welcome,
As your owne thoughts can make ye, and the ſame ever.
And ſo wee'l in to ratifie it.
Hyl. Harke ye Valentine,
Is wild oates yet come over?
Val. Yes: with me Sir.
Mar. How do's he beare himſelf?
Val. A great deale better:
Why doe you bluſh? the Gentleman will doe well.
Mar. I ſhould be glad on't Sir.
Val. How do's his Father?
Hyl. As mad a worme as ere he was.
Val. I lookt for't:
Shall we enjoy your companie?
Hyl. Ile wayt on ye:
Only a thought, or two.
Val. We bar all prayers. *Exeunt all but Hylas.*
Hyl. This laſt wench, I this laſt wench was a faire one:
A dainty wench, a right one: a devill take it,
What doe I ayle; to have fifteene now in liking
Enough a man would thinke to ſtay my ſtomack,
But what's fifteene, or fifteene ſcore to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
But to encreaſe my objects? this laſt wench
Sticks plaguy cloſe unto me: a hundred pound
I were as cloſe to her: if *I* lov'd now
As many fooliſh men doe, *I* ſhould run mad.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter old Sebaſtian, and Launcelot.

Seb. SIrha, no more of your French ſhrugs & adviſe you, if you be lowzie, ſhift your ſelfe.

Lan. May it pleaſe your worſhip:

Seb. Onely to ſee my ſonne, my ſonne good *Launcelot*: Your Maſter, and my ſonne: body O me ſir, No money, no more money Monſieur *Launcelot*, Not a deneere, ſweet Signior: bring the perſon, The perſon of my boy, my boy *Tom*: Monſieur *Thomas*, Or get you gone agen, *du gata whee* ſir, *Baſſa mi cu*, good *Launcelot*, *valetote*. My boy, or nothing.

Lan. Then to anſwer punctually.

Seb. *I* ſay to'th purpoſe.

Lan. Then & ſay to'th purpoſe, Becauſe your Worſhips vulgar underſtanding May meet me at the neereſt: your ſonne, my maſter, Or Monſieur *Thomas*, (for ſo his travell ſtiles him) Through many forraigne plots that vertue meets with, And dangers (*I* beſeech ye give attention) *Is* at the leſt ariv'd To aske your (as the French man cals it ſweetly) Benediction, *de jour en jour*.

Seb. Sirha, do not conjure me with your French furies.

Lan. *Che ditt'a vou*, Monſieur.

Seb. *Che doga vou*, Raſcall: Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainely And quickly ſirha, leſt *I* crack your French crowne, What your good Maſter meanes: *I* have maintain'd You and your Monſieur, as *I* take it *Launcelot* Theſe two yeeres at your *ditty vous*, your *jours*:

Iour

Jour me no more, for not another penny
Shall paſſe my purſe.
Lan. Your Worſhip is erroneous,
For as *I* told you, your Sonne *Tom*, or *Thomas*,
My Maſter, and your ſonne is now arriv'd
To aske ye, as our language beares it neereſt
Your quotidian bleſſing, and here he is in perſon.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What *Tom*, boy, welcome with all my heart boy,
Welcome 'faith, thou haſt gladded me at ſoule boy,
Infinite glad *I* am, *I* have praied too, *Thomas*
For you wilde *Thomas*, *Tom*, *I* thank thee hartily
For comming home.
Thom. Sir, *I* doe finde your prayers
Have much much prevail'd above my ſins.
Seb. How's this?
Thom. Elſe certaine *I* had periſh'd with my rudeneſſe,
Ere *I* had won my ſelfe to that diſcretion
I hope you ſhall hereafter finde.
Seb. Humh, humh,
Diſcretion? is it come to that? the boy's ſpoild.
Thom. Sirah, you rogue, look for't, for *I* will make thee
Ten times more miſerable then thou thoughtſt thy ſelfe
Before thou travelledſt: thou haſt told my father
I know it, and *I* finde it, all my rogueries
By meere way of prevention to undoe me.
Lan. Sir, as *I* ſpeake eight languages, I onely
Told him you came to aske his benediction,
De jour enjour.
Thom. But that I muſt be civill,
I would beat thee like a dog: ſir, howſoever
The time I have miſpent may make you doubtfull,
Nay, harden your beliefe 'gainſt my converſion,
Seb. A pox o' travell, I ſay.
Thom. Yet deere father
Your owne experience in my after courſes.

Enter

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prethee no more; t'is scurvy; ther's thy sister
Vndon without redemption: he eates with picks
Vtterly spoyld, his spirit baffell'd in him.
How have I sind that this affliction
Should light so heavie on me. I have no more sonnes;
And this no more mine owne, no spark of nature
Allows him mine now, he's growne tame: my grand curse
Hang ore his head that thus transform'd thee: travell?
Ile send my horse to travell next: we monsieur,
Now will my most canonicall deere neighbours
Say I have found my sonne, and rejoyce with me
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off. I know not;
But I am sure, this Monsieur, this fine gentleman
Will never be in my books like mad *Thomas*,
I must goe seeke an heire, for my inheritance
Must not turne secretary: my name and quality
Has kept my land three hundred yeers in madnesse,
And it slip now, may it sinke. *Exit.*

Tho. Excellent sister,
I am glad to see thee well: but wher's my father?

Dor. Gone discontent, it seemes.

Thom. He did ill in it
As he dos all: for I was uttering
A handsome speech or two, I have been studying
Ere since I came from *Paris*: how glad to see thee?

Dor. I am gladder to see you, with more love too
I dare maintaine it, then my fathers sorry
To see (as he supposes) your conversion:
And I am sure he is vext, nay more I know it,
He has prai'd against it mainely: but it appeares sir
Ye had rather blinde him with that poore opinion,
Then in your selfe correct it, deerest brother,
Since there is in our uniforme resemblance,
No more to make us two, but our bare sexes:
And since one happy birth produced us hither,

Let one more happy minde.

Thom. Ir ſhallbe ſiſter,
For I can doe it when I liſt : and yet wench
Be mad too when I pleaſe : I have the trick on't.
Beware a traveller.

Dor. Leave that trick too,

Thom. Not for the world : but wher's my Miſtreſſe
And prethee ſay how do's ſhe ? I melt to ſee her,
And preſently : I muſt a way.

Dor. Then doe ſo.
For o' my fath ſhe will not ſee you brother.

Thom. Not ſee me ? I'le.

Dor. Now you play your true ſelf;
How would my father love this ! I'le aſſure ye
She will not ſee you : ſhe has heard, (and lowdly)
The gambolls that you plaid ſince your departure,
In every Towne ye came, your ſeverall miſcheifes.
Your rowſes, and your wenches : all your quarrells,
And the no cauſes of 'em : theſe I take it
Although ſhe love ye well, to modeſt eares,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travell was propounded by her Vncle,
Muſt needs, and reaſon for it, be examined,
And by her modeſty, and fear'd too light too
To fyle with her affections: ye have loſt her
For any thing I ſee, exil'd your ſelfe.

Thom. No more of that ſweet *Doll*, I will be civill.

Dor. But how long ?

Thom. Would'ſt thou have me loſe my birth-right?
For yond old thing will diſinherit me
If *I* grow too demure: good ſweet *Doll*, prethee :
Prethee deere ſiſter, let me ſee her.

Dor. No.

Thom. Nay, I beſeech thee: by this light.

Dor. I: ſwagger.

Thom. Kiſſe me, and be my friend, we two were twins.
And ſhall we now grow ſtrangers ?

Dor. 'Tis not my fault,

Thom. Well, there be other women, and remember
You, you were the cauſe of this: there be more lands too,
And better people in 'em: fare ye well,
And other loves: what ſhall become of me
And of my vanities, becauſe they grieve ye. (there?
Dor. Come hither, come, do you ſee that clowd that flyes
So light are you, and blown with every fancy:
Will ye but make me hope ye may be civill?
I know your nature's ſweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: doe you love your Miſtreſſe?
Thom. He lyes, that ſayes I doe not.
Dor. Would ye ſee her?
Thom. If you pleaſe: for it muſt be ſo.
Dor. And appeare to her
A thing to be belov'd?
Thom. Yes.
Dor. Change then
A little of your wildeneſſe into wiſedome,
And put on a more ſmoothneſſe:
I'le doe the beſt I can to helpe ye, yet
I doe proteſt ſhe ſwore, and ſwore it deeply,
She would never ſee you more: where's your mans heart
What doe you faint at this? (now?
Thom. She is a woman:
But he ſhe entertaines next for a ſervant,
I ſhall be bold to quarter.
Dor. No thought of fighting:
Goe in, and there wee'l talke more: be but rul'd,
And what lyes in my power, ye ſhall be ſure of.

Exeunt

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Al. HEe cannot be ſo wilde ſtill.
Ma. 'Tis moſt certaine
I have now heard all, and all the truth.
Al. Grant all that:
Is he the firſt, that h'as bin giv'n a loſt man,
And yet come fairely home? he is yong, and tender
And fit for that impreſſion; your affections
Shall ſtamp upon him, age brings on diſcretion,
A yeere hence, theſe mad toyes that now poſſeſſe him
Will ſhew like bugbeares to him, ſhapes to fright him;
Marriage diſſolves all theſe like miſts.
Mar. They are grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father
And to his grave they will haunt him.
Al. 'Tis your feare
Which is a wiſe part in you; yet your love
However you may ſeeme to leſſen it
with theſe diſlikes, and choake it with theſe errors,
Do what you can will break out to excuſe him;
Ye have him in your hart, and planted, Coſin,
From whence the power of reaſon, nor diſcretion
Can ever roote him.
Mar. Planted in my heart Aunt?
Beleeve it no, I never was ſo liberall:
What though he ſhew a ſo ſo comely fellow
Which we call pretty? or ſay it may be handſom?
What though his promiſes may ſtumble at
The power of goodneſſe in him, ſometimes uſe too?
Al. How willingly thy heart betrayes thee coſin?
Cozen thy ſelfe no more: thou haſt no more power
To leave off loving him, then he that's thirſty

Has

Has to abſtaine from drinke ſtanding before him.
His mind is not ſo monſtrous for his ſhape
If I have eyes; I have not ſeene his better.
A hanſom browne complexion
Mar. Reaſonable
Inclining to a tawney.
Al. Had I ſaid ſo
You would have wiſh'd my tongue out: then his making.
Mar. Which may be mended: I have ſeene leggs ſtraiter.
And cleaner made.
Al. A body too,
Mar. Far neater,
And better ſet together.
Alice God forgive thee,
For againſt thy conſcience thou lyeſt ſtubbornely.
Mar. I grant 'tis neat enough.
Alice 'Tis excellent,
And where the outward parts are faire and lovely,
(Which are but molds o'th minde) what muſt the ſoule be?
Put caſe youth has his ſwinge, and fyery nature
Flames to mad uſes many times.
Mar. All this
You onely uſe, to make me ſay I love him:
I doe confeſſe I doe, but that my fondneſſe
Should fling it ſelfe upon his deſperate follies.
Alice I doe not counſell that, ſee him reclaim'd firſt,
Which will not prove a miracle, yet *Mary*
I am afraid 'twill vexe thee horribly
To ſtay ſo long.
Mar. No, no Aunt, no beleeve me.
Alice What was your dreame to night? for I obſerv'd ye
Hugging of me; with good, deere, ſweet *Tom.*
Mar. Fye Aunt,
Vpon my conſcience.
Alice On my word 'tis true wench:
And then ye kiſs'd me *Mary*, more then once too,
And ſigh'd, and O ſweet *Tom* againe: nay, doe not bluſh,
Ye have it at the heart wench.

Mar. I'le be hang'd firſt,
But you muſt have your way. *Enter Dorothea.*
Alice And ſo will you too,
Or breake down hedges for it: *Dorothea,*
The welcom'ſt woman living: how do's thy brother?
I heare he's turn'd a wondrous civill gentleman
Since his ſhort travell.
Dor. Pray heaven he make it good *Alice.*
Mar. How doe ye friend, I have a quarrell to ye,
Ye ſtole away, and left my company.
Dor. O pardon me, deere friend, it was to welcome
A brother, that I have ſome cauſe to love well.
Mar. Prethee how is he? thou ſpeakſt truth.
Dor. Not perfect:
I hope he will be.
Mar. Never: ha's forgot me,
I heare wench, and his hot love too:
Alice Thou would'ſt howle then.
Mar. And I am glad it ſhould be ſo; his travels
Have yeelded him variety of Miſtreſſes,
Fairer in his eye farre.
Alice O cogging raſcall.
Mar. I was a foole, but better thoughts I thank heaven,
Dor. Pray do not think ſo, for he loves you deerely,
Vpon my troth moſt firmely: would faine ſee you.
Mar. See me friend? doe you thinke it fit?
Dor. It may be,
Without the loſſe of credit too: he's not
Such a prodigious thing, ſo monſtrous,
To fling from all ſociety.
Mar. His ſo much contrary
To my deſires, ſuch an antipathy
That I muſt ſooner ſee my grave.
Dor. Deere friend,
He was not ſo before he went.
Mar. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his faire converſion.
Alice Come, do not maske your ſelfe, but ſee him freely,

Ye

Ye have a minde.

Mar. That minde I'le maſter then.

Dor. And is your hate ſo mortall?

Mar. Not to his perſon,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which ſtill like *Hydras* heads grow thicker on him.
I have a credit friend, and maids of my ſort,
Love where their modeſties may live untainted.

Dor. I give up that hope then: 'pray, for your friends ſake,
If I have any intereſt within ye,
Doe but this courteſie, accept this Letter.

Mar. From him?

Dor. The ſame: 'tis but a minutes reading,
And as we looke on ſhapes of painted divels,
Which for the preſent may diſturb our fancy,
But with the next new object looſe 'em, ſo
If this be foule, ye may forget it, 'pray:

Mar. Have ye ſeene it friend?

Dor. I will not lye: I have not,
But I preſume, ſo much he honours you,
The worſt part of himſelfe was caſt away
When to his beſt part he writ this.

Mar. For your ſake,
Not that I any way ſhall like his ſcribling.

Alice A ſhrewd diſſembling queane.

Dor. I thanke ye deere friend,
I know ſhe loves him.

Alice Yes, and will not looſe him,
Vnleſſe he leap into the Moone, beleeve that,
And then ſhee'l ſcramble too: yong wenches loves
Are like the courſe of quarterns, they may ſhift
And ſeeme to ceaſe ſometimes, and yet we ſee
The leaſt diſtemper puls 'em backe againe,
And ſeats 'em in their old courſe: feare her not,
Vnleſſe he be a devill.

Mar. Now heaven bleſſe me,

Dor. What has he writ?

Mar. Out, out upon him.

Dor.

Dor. Ha, what has the mad man done?
Mar. Worſe, worſe, and worſe ſtill,
Alice Some northerne toy, a little broad.
Mar. Still fowler?
Hay, hay boyes: goodneſſe keep me: oh:
Dor. What ayle ye?
Mar. Here, take your ſpell againe, it burnes my fingers,
Was ever Lover writ ſo ſweet a Letter,
So elegant a ſtile? pray looke upon't:
The rareſt inventory of ranke oathes
That ever cut-purſe caſt.
Alice What a mad boy is this?
Mar. Onely i'th bottome
A little julip gently ſprinckled over
To coole his mouth, leſt it breake out in bliſters,
Indeed law. Yours for ever.
Dor. I am ſorry.
Mar. You ſhall be welcome to me, come when you pleaſe,
And ever may command me vertuouſly,
But for your brother, you muſt pardon me,
Till I am of his nature, no acceſſe friend,
No word of viſitation, as ye love me,
And ſo for now Ile leave ye. *Exit.*
Alice What a letter
Has this thing written, how it roares like thunder?
With what a ſtate he enters into ſtile.
Deere Miſtreſſe.
Dor. Out upon him bedlam.
Alice Well, there be waies to reach her yet: ſuch likeneſſe
As you two carry me thinkes.
Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend ye: fare ye well,
The foole ſhall now fiſh for himſelfe.
Alice Be ſure then
His tewgh be tith and ſtrong: and next no ſwearing,
He'l catch no fiſh elſe. Farewell *Doll*.
Dor. Farewell *Alice*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Cellide.

Cell. INdeed he's much chang'd, extreamely alter'd,
His colour faded ſtrangely too.
Val. The ayre,
The ſharpe and nipping ayre of our new clymat
I hope is all, which will as well reſtore
To health againe th'affected body by it,
And make it ſtronger far, as leave it dangerous;
How do's my ſweet, our bleſſed houre comes on now
Apace my *Cellide*, (it knocks at dore)
In which our loves, and long deſires like rivers
Riſing aſunder far, ſhall fall together,
Within theſe too daies deere.
Cel. When heaven, and you ſir
Shall thinke it fit: for by your wils I am govern'd,
Alice 'Twere good ſome preparation.

Enter Franck.

Val. All that may be:
It ſhall be no blinde wedding: and all the joy
Of all our friends I hope: he lookes worſe hourely:
How do's my friend, my ſelfe? he ſweats too coldly,
His pulſe, like the ſlow dropping of a ſpowt,
Scarce gives his function: how i'ſt man, alas ſir,
You looke extreme ill: is it any old griefe,
The weight of which?
Fra. None, gentle ſir, that I feele
Your love is too too tender.
Nay beleeve ſir,
Cell. You cannot be the maſter of your health,
Either ſome feaver lyes in wait to catch ye,
Whoſe harbinger's already in your face

We ſee preparing: or ſome diſcontent,
Which if it lye in this houſe, I dare ſay
Both for this noble Gentleman, and all
That live within it, ſhall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care ſoften'd,
And where the cauſe is.
Fra. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where ſuch a vertuous faire Phyſitian
Is ready to releeve: your noble cares
I muſt, and ever ſhall be thankfull for,
And would my ſervice (I dare not looke upon her)
But be not fearefull, I feele nothing dangerous,
A grudging caus'd by th' alteration
Of ayre, may hang upon me: my heart's whole,
(I would it were)
Val. I knew the cauſe to be ſo.
Fra. No, you ſhall never know it.
Alice Some warme broths
To purge the bloud, and keep your bed a day Sir,
And ſweat it out.
Cel. I have ſuch cordials,
That if you will but promiſe me to take 'em,
Indeed you ſhall be well, and very quickly,
I'le be your Doctor, you ſhall ſee how finely
I'le fetch ye up againe.
Val. He ſweats extreamely:
Hot, very hot: his pulſe beats like a drum now,
Feele ſiſter, feele, feele ſweet.
Fra. How that touch ſtung me?
Val. My gowne there.
Cel. And thoſe julips in the window.
Alice Some ſee his bed made.
Val. This is moſt unhappy,
Take courage man, 'tis nothing but an ague.
Cell. And this ſhall be the laſt fit.
Fra. Not by thouſands:
Now what 'tis to be truely miſerable,
I feele at full experience.

Alice He growes fainter.
Val. Come, leade him in, he ſhall to bed: a vomit,
I'le have a vomit for him.
Alice A purge firſt,
And if he breath'd a veyne.
Val. No, no, no bleeding,
A Clyſter will coole all.
Cell. Be of good cheere Sir.
Alice He's loth to ſpeake.
Cel. How hard he holds my hand Aunt?
Alice I doe not like that ſigne.
Val. Away to's chamber,
Softly, he's full of paine, be diligent
With all the care ye have: would I had ſcus'd him. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Dorothéa and Thomas.

Dor. WHy do you raile at me? do I dwell in her
To force her to do this or that? your Letter,
A wilde-fire on your Letter; our ſweet Letter;
You are ſo learned in your writs: ye ſtand now
As if ye had worried ſheepe: you muſt tutne tipper,
And ſuddenly, and truely, and diſcreetly
Put on the ſhape of order and humanity,
Or you muſt marry *Malkyn* the May Lady:
You muſt, deere brother: doe you make me carrier
Of your confound-mee's, and your culverings?
Am I a ſeemely agent for your othes?
Who would have writ ſuch a deboſh'd?
Thom. Your patience,
May not a man profeſſe his Love?
Dor. In blaſphemies?
Rack a maids tender eares, with dam's and divels?

Thom. Out, out upon thee.
how would you have me write?
Begin with my love premised? surely,
And by my truly Mistresse
Dor. Take your owne course
For I see all perswasion's lost upon ye:
Humanitie, all drownd: from this howre fayrely
Tho. Ile wash my hands of all ye do: farewell Sir.
Thou art not mad?
Dor. No, if I were, deere brother
I would keep you company: get a new Mistresse
Som suburb Sant, that six pence, and som others
Will draw to parley: carowse her health in Cans
And candles ends, and quarrell for her beauty,
Such a sweet hart must serve your turne: your old love
Releases ye of all your tyes; disclaimes ye
And utterly abjures your memory
Till time has better mannag'd ye, will ye comand me
Tho. What bobd of all sides?
Dor. Any worthy service
Vnto my father sir, that I may tell him
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoycing
Ye are his true son *Thom* still? will it please ye
To beat some halfe a dozen of his servants presently
That I may testifie you have brought the same faith
Vnblemished home, ye carried out? or if it like you
There be two chambermaids within, yong wenches,
Handsom and apt for exercise: you have bin good, sir,
And charitable though I say it Signiour
To such poore orphans: and now, by th' way I think on't
Your yong reare Admirall, I meane your last bastard
Don Iohn, ye had by Lady *Blanch* the Dairy Maid,
Is by an Academy of learned Gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant
Stolne from the Nurse, and wanders with those Prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good store sir,
When your wants shall supply it. So most humbly
(First rendring my due service) I take leave sir. *Exit.*

Tho.

Tho. Why *Doll*, why *Doll* I ſay: my letter ſubd too,
And no acceſſe without I mend my manners?
All my deſignes in Limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the divell rore,
I am reſolv'd that, if ſhe live above ground,
I'le not be bobd i'th noſe with every bobtaile:
I will be civill too: now I thinke better,
Exceeding civill, wondrous finely carried:
And yet be mad upon occaſion,
And ſtarke mad too, and ſave my land: my father:
I'le have my will of him, how ere my wench goes. *Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirha, I ſay ſtill you have ſpoild your Maſter: leave
I ſay thou haſt ſpoild thy maſter. (your ſtiches:
Lan. I ſay how ſir?
Seb. Marry thou haſt taught him like an arrant raſcall,
Firſt to reade perfectly: which on my bleſſing
I warn'd him from: for I knew if he read once,
He was a loſt man. Secondly, ſir *Launcelot*,
Sir lowſie *Launcelot*, ye have ſuffer'd him
Againſt my power firſt, then againſt my precept.
To keepe that ſimpring ſort of people company,
That ſober men call civill: marke ye that Sir?
Lan. And't pleaſe your worſhip.
Seb. It does not pleaſe my worſhip,
Nor ſhall not pleaſe my worſhip: third and laſtly,
Which if the law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However I will lame thee) like a villaine,
Thou haſt wrought him
Cleane to forget what 'tis to doe a miſchiefe,
A handſome miſchiefe, ſuch as thou knew'ſt I lov'd well.
My ſervants all are ſound now, my drink ſowrd,
Not a horſe pawnd, nor plaid away: no warrants
Come for the breach of peace.
Men travell with their money, and nothing meets 'em:
I was accurs'd to ſend thee, thou wert ever
Leaning to lazineſſe, and loſſe of ſpirit,

Thou ſlept'ſt ſtill like a corke upon the water,
Your worſhip knowes, *I* ever was accounted
The moſt deboſh'd, and pleaſe you to remember,
Every day drunke too, for your worſhips credit,
I broke the Butlers head too.
Seb. No baſe Palliard
I doe remember yet that anſlaight, thou waſt beaten,
And fledſt before the Butler: a blacke jacke
Playing vpon thee furiouſly, *I* ſaw it:
I ſaw thee ſcatter'd rogue, behold thy Maſter.

Enter Thomas with a Booke.

Thom. What ſweet content dwels here?
La. Put up your booke ſir,
We are all undone elſe.
Seb. Tom, when is the horſe-race?
Tho. I know not ſir.
Seb. You will be there?
Tho. Not *I* ſir,
I have forgot thoſe journeyes.
Seb. Spoild for ever,
The cocking holds at *Derby*, and there will be
Iacke Wild-oats, and *Will* Purſer.
Tho. I am ſorry ſir,
They ſhould employ their time ſo ſlenderly,
Their underſtandings will beare better courſes.
Seb. Yes, I will marry agen: but Monſieur *Thomas*,
What ſay ye to the gentleman that challenged ye
Before he went, and the fellow ye fell out with?
Thom. O good Sir,
Remember not thoſe follies: where I have wronged ſir,
(So much I have now learn'd to diſcern my ſelfe)
My meanes, and my repentance ſhall make even,
Nor doe I thinke it any imputation
To let the law p rſwade me.
Seb. Any woman:
I care not of what colour, or complexion,

Any that can beare children: reſt ye merry. *Exit.*

La. Ye have utterly undone: cleane diſcharg'd me,
I am for the ragged regiment.

Thom. Eight languages,
And wither at an old mans words?

La. O pardon me.
I know him but too well: eight ſcore I take it
Will not keepe me from beating, if not killing:
I'le give him leave to breake a leg, and thank him:
You might have ſav'd all this, and ſworn a little.
What had an oath or two bin? or a head broke,
Though t'had been mine, to have ſatisfied the old man?

Tho. I'le breake it yet.

La. Now 'tis too late, I take it:
Will ye be drunk to night, (a leſſe intreaty
Has ſerv'd your turne) and ſave all yet? not mad drunk,
For then ye are the divell, yet the drunker,
The better for your father ſtill: your ſtate is deſperate,
And with a deſperate cure ye muſt recover it:
Doe ſomething, doe ſir: doe ſome drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or ſome any thing to help us.

Tho. Goe for a Fidler then: the poore old Fidler
That ſayes his ſongs: but firſt where lyes my Miſtreſſe,
Did ye enquire out that?

La. I'th Lodge, alone ſir,
None but her owne attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, finde this Fidler, and doe not miſſe me
By nine a clocke.

La. Via. *Exit.*

Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will diſinherite me:
I'le put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What *Rybabalde?*

Enter

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. Don Thomasio.
De bene venew.
Tho. I doe embrace your body:
How do'st thou *Sam.*
Sam. The same *Sam* still: your friend sir.
Tho. And how is't bouncing boyes?
Hyl. Thou art not alter'd,
They said thou wert all Monsieur.
Tho. O beleeve it,
I am much alter'd, much another way:
The civil'st Gentleman in all your Country:
Doe not ye see me alter'd? ye, and nay Gentlemen,
A much converted man: wher's the best wine boyes?
Hyl. A sound Convertite.
Tho. What hast thou made up twenty yet?
Hyl. By'r Lady,
I have giv'n a shrewd push at it, for as I take it,
The last I fell in love with, scor'd sixteene.
Tho. Look to your skin, *Rambaldo* the sleeping Gyant
Will rowze, and rent thee piece-meale.
Sam. He nev'r perceives 'em
Longer then looking on.
Tho. Thou never meanest then
To marry any that thou lov'st?
Hyl. No surely,
Nor any wise man I thinke; marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be prentize,
And learne to cobble other mens old boots?
Sam. Why you may take a Maid.
Hyl. Where? can you tell me?
Or if 'twere possible I might get a Maid,
To what use should I put her? looke upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her suger sops?
All the new gowns i'th parish will not please her,
If she be high bred, for ther's the sport she aymes at,

Nor

Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.
Thom. Then take a widow,
A good stanch wench, that tits,
Hyl. And begin a new order,
Live in a dead mans monument, not I sir,
I'le keep mine old road, a true mendicant:
What pleasure this day yeelds me, *I* never covet
To lay up for the morrow: and me thinks ever
Another mans cooke dresses my dyet neatest. (noted,
Thom. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat, and flat
And thou wouldst say they kist like Flounders, flat
All the face over.
Hyl. *I* have had such damsels
I must confesse.
Tho. Thou hast been a pretious rogue.
Sam. Onely his eyes: and O my conscience
They lye with half the kingdome.

Enter over the stage, Physitians and others.

Tho. What's the matter?
Whither goe all these men-menders, these Physitians?
Whose dog lyes sicke o'th mulligrubs?
Sam. O the Gentleman,
The yong smug Signiour, Master *Valentine*,
Brought out of travell with him, as *I* heare
Is falne sick o'th sudden, desperate sicke,
And likely they goe thither.
Tho. Who? yong *Frank*?
The onely temper'd spirit, Scholler, Souldier,
Courtier: and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter Alice.

Sam. Ther's one can better satisfie you.
Tho. Mistresse *Alice*,
I joy to see you Lady.
Alice Good Monsieur *Thomas*,
You're welcome from your travell: I am hasty,
A Gentleman lies sicke sir.
Tho. And how do'st thou?

I must know, and I will know.
Alice Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.
Thom. I am glad on't,
And prethee harke.
Alice I cannot stay.
Thom. A while *Alice.*
Sam. Never looke so narrowly, the mark's in her mouth (still,
Hyl. I am looking at her legs, prethee be quiet.
Alice I cannot stay.
Thom. O sweet *Alice.*
Hyl. A cleane instep,
And that I love a life: I did not marke
This woman halfe so well before, how quicke
And nimble like a shadow, there her leg shew'd:
By th' mas a neat one, the colour of her stocking,
A much inviting colour.
Alice My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talke now.
Hyl. Pretty breeches,
Finely becomming too.
Thom. By heaven.
Alice She will not,
I can assure you that, and so
Tho. But this word.
Alice I cannot, nor *I* will not: good Lord. *Exit.*
Hyl. Well you shall heare more from me.
Thom. Wee'll goe visite
'Tis charity: besides I know she is there:
And under visitation I shall see hir
Will ye along?
Hyl. By any meanes.
Thom. Be sure then
I be a civill man: *I* have sport in hand boyes
Shall make mirth for a marriage day.
Hyl. Away then. *Exeunt*

Scena

Scæna Tertia.

Enter three Phyſitians with an Vrinall.

1 *Phiſ.* A Plurifie, *I* ſee it.
2 *I* rather hold it
For *tremor cordis.*
3 Doe you marke the Pheſes?
'Tis a moſt peſtilent contagious feaver,
A ſurfet, a plaguy ſurfet: he muſt bleed.
1 By no meanes.
3 I ſay bleed.
1 *I* ſay 'tis dangerous:
The perſon being ſpent ſo much before hand,
And nature drawne ſo low, clyſters, coole clyſters.
2 Now with your favours, *I* ſhould think a vomit:
For take away the cauſe, the effect muſt follow,
The ſtomack's foule and fur'd, the pot's unflam'd yet.
3 No, no, wee'l rectifie that part by milde meanes,
Nature ſo ſunke, muſt finde no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Wilt pleaſe ye draw neere? the weake gentleman
Growes worſe and worſe ſtill.
1 Come, we will attend him.
2 He ſhall doe well my friend.
Ser. My maſters love ſir.
1 Excellent well *I* warrant thee, right and ſtraight friend.
3 Ther's no doubt in him, none at all, nev'r feare him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine and Michael.

Mich. THat he is deſperate ſick, I do beleeve well,
And that without a ſpeedy cure, it kils him,
But that it lyes within the helpe of phyſicke,
Now to reſtore his health, or art to cure him:
Beleeve it you are coſened: cleane beſide it.
I would tell ye the true cauſe too, but 'twould vexe ye,
Nay, run ye mad.

Val. May all I have reſtore him?
So deerely and ſo tenderly I love him,
I doe not know the cauſe why, yea my life too.

Mich. Now I perceive ye ſo well ſet, I'le tell you,
Hei mihi quod nullis amor, eſt medicabilis herbis.

Val. 'Twas that I onely fear'd: good friend go from me,
I finde my heart too full for further conference:
You are aſſur'd of this?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certaine,
But beare it nobly ſir, youth hath his errors.

Val. I ſhall do, and I thank ye: pray ye no words on't,
I doe not uſe to talke ſir. *Exit.*

Val. Ye are welcome:
Is there no conſtancy in earthly things?
No happineſſe in us, but what muſt alter,
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miſeries we are, and to our ſelves,
Even then when full content ſeemes to ſit by us,
What daily ſores, and ſorrowes?

Enter Alice.

Alice O deere brother,
The Gentleman if ever you will ſee him
Alive as I think,

Enter

Enter Cellide.

Cel. O he faints, for heaven sake,
For heaven sake sir.
Val. Goe comfort him deere sister. *Exit Alice.*
And one word sweet, with you: then we'l go to him.
What think you of this Gentleman?
Cel. My pity thinks sir,
'Tis great misfortune, that he should thus perish.
Val. It is indeed: but *Cellide*, he must dye.
Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him,
Why doe you weep so sir, he may recover?
Val. He may, but with much danger: my sweet *Cellide*
You have a powerfull tongue.
Cel. To doe you service.
Val. I will betray his griefe: he loves a gentlewoman,
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds,
He knowes it too: yet such a sway blinde fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undoe him:
Never so hopefull and so sweet a spirit,
Misfortune fell so foule on.
Cel. Sure she's hard hearted,
That can looke on, and not relent, and deeply
At such a misery: she is not married?
Val. Not yet.
Cel. Nor neere it?
Val. When she please.
Cel. And pray sir,
Do's he deserve her truely, that she loves so?
Val. His love may merit much: his person little,
For there the match lyes mangled.
Cel. Is he your friend?
Val. He should be; for he is neere me.
Cel. Will not he dye then?
When th'other shall recover?
Val. Ye have pos'd me.

Cell. Me thinks he ſhould goe neere it, if he love her;
If ſhe love him
Val. She do's, and would doe equall:
Cel. 'Tis A hard taske you put me: yet for your ſake
I will ſpeake to her: all the art *I* have:
My beſt endevors: all his youth, and perſon,
His mind more full of beauties: all his hopes,
The memory of ſuch a ſad example,
*I*ll ſpoken of, and never old: the curſes
Of loving maids, and what may be alleag'd
*I*le lay before her: what's her name? *I* am ready
Val. But will you doe it effectually?
Cell. Moſt truly
Nay more, my ſelfe, at your entreaty.
Vall. And could ye be ſo pittifull?
Cell. So dutifull;
Becauſe you urge it ſo.
Vall. It may be then
It is your ſelfe
Cell. *It* is in deed, *I* know it:
And now know how ye love me.
Vall. O my deareſt,
Let but your goodneſſe judge: your owne part: pitie:
Set but your eyes on his afflictions:
He is mine, and ſo becomes your charge: but thinke
What ruine nature ſuffers in this yong man,
What loſſe humanity, and noble manhood:
Take to your better judgement my declining,
My age, hung full of impotence, and ile,
My body budding now no more: ſeere winter
Hath ſeal'd that ſap up, at the beſt and happieſt,
I can but be your infant: you my nurſe,
And how unequall deereſt: where his yeeres,
His ſweetneſſe, and his ever ſpring of goodneſſe,
My fortunes growing in him, and my ſelfe too,
Which makes him all your old love: miſconceive not,
I ſay not this, as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith: beare witneſſe,

Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
To all the joy I have.

Cel. You have said enough sir,
And more then ere I thought that tongue could utter,
But ye are a man, a false man too.

Val. Deere *Cokide.*

Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Rob'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondnesse,
The Gentleman shall live: and if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs; I will to him,
And as you carelesly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easie winning,
So will I lose the name of *Valentine*,
From henceforth all his flatteries, and beleeve it,
Since ye have so so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you hav. pawn'd your faith for?
From this houre, no repentance, vowes, nor prayers
Shall plucke me backe agen: what I shall doe,
Yet I will undertake his cure, expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content
To either of ye, but bourely more vexations.

Val. Why let him dye then.

Cel. No, so much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate I will obey your wishes.

Val. What shall I doe?

Cel. Dye like a foole unsorrow'd?
A bankrupt foole, that flings away his treasure?
I must begin my cure.

Val. And I my crosses. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Franck ſick, Phyſitians, and a Pothecary.

1 *Phiſ.* CLap on the Cataplaſme.
Fra. Good Gentlemen,
Good learned Gentlemen.
2 And ſee thoſe brothes there,
Ready within this houre, pray keep your armes in,
The ayre is raw, and miniſters much evill.
Fra. Pray leave me: I beſeech ye leave me gentlemen,
I have no other ſickneſſe but your preſence,
Convey your Cataplaſmes to thoſe that need 'em,
Your Vomits, and your Clyſters.
3 Pray be rul'd ſir.
1 Bring in the Lettice cap: you muſt be ſhaved ſir,
And then how ſuddenly wee'l make you ſleep.
Fra. Till doomes-day: what unneceſſary nothings
Are theſe about a wounded minde?
2 How doe ye?
Fra. What queſtions they propound too: how do you ſir?
I am glad to ſee you well.
3 A great diſtemper, it growes hotter ſtill.
1 Open your mouth I pray ſir.
Fra. And can you tell me
How old I am then? there's my hand, pray ſhew me
How many broken ſhins within this two yeare.
Who would be thus in fetters, good maſter Doctor,
And you deere Doctor, and the third ſweet Doctor
And pretious maſter Apothecary, I doe pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer,
Ye ſtand before me like my blacks.
2 'Tis dangerous,
For now his fancy turnes too.

Enter Cellide.

Cell. By your leave Gentlemen :
And pray ye your leave a while too, I have ſomething
Of ſecret to imparr unto the patient.
1 Withall our hearts.
3 I mary ſuch a Phyſicke
May chance to find the humour : be not long Lady
For we muſt miniſter within this halfe houre. *Exit. Plus.*
Cell. You ſhall not ſtay for me.
Fra. Would you were all rotten
That ye might only intend one anothers itches :
Or would the Gentlemen with one conſent
Would drinke ſmall Beere but ſeven yeare, and aboliſh
That wildfire of the bloud, unſatiate wenching
That your too Indies, ſprings and fals might faile ye
What torments theſe intruders into bodies.
Cell. How do you worthy Sir ?
Fra. Bleſſe me, what beames
Flew from theſe angell eyes : O what a miſery
What a moſt ſtuddied torment tis to me now
To be an honeſt man : dare ye ſit by me ?
Cell. Yes ; and do more then that too : comfort ye
I ſee ye have need.
Fra. You are a faire Phyſitian :
You bring no bitternesſe gilt ore, to gull us
No danger in your lookes, yet there my death lyes.
Cell. I would be ſorry ſir, my charity
And my good wiſhes for your health ſhould merit
So ſtubborne a conſtruction : will it pleaſe ye
To taſte a little of this Cordiall *Enter Valentine.*
For this I thinke muſt cure ye.
Fra. Of which Lady ?
Sure ſhe has found my griefe ? why do you bluſh ſo ?
Cell. Do you not underſtand ? of this, this Cordiall.
Val. Of my afflicted heart : ſhe is gon for ever.
Fra. What heaven ye have brought me Lady ?

Cell. Do not wonder :
For tis not impudence, nor want of honour
Makes me do this : but love to ſave your life ſir
Your life, too excellent to looſe in wiſhes
Love, virtuous love.

Fra. A vertuous bleſſing crowne ye
O goodly ſweet, can there be ſo much charity
So noble a compaſſion in that heart
That's filled up with anothers faire affections ?
Can mercy drop from thoſe eyes.
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power ye have, and perfect object
Lyes in anothers light : and his deſerves it ?

Cell. Do not diſpaire : nor do not thinke to boldly
I dare abuſe my promiſe, t'was your friends
And ſo faſt tyde, I thought no time could ruine :
But ſo much has your danger, and that ſpell
The powerfull name of friend, prevail'd above him
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command to cure ye,
Nay more for ever, by his full reſignement
And willingly I ratifie it.

Fra. Hold for heaven ſake,
Muſt my friends miſery make me a triumph ?
Beare I that noble name, to be a Traitor ?
O vertuous goodnes, keepe thy ſelfe untainted :
You have no power to yeeld, nor he to render
Nor I to take : I am reſolv'd to die firſt.

Val. Ha ; ſaiſt thou ſo ? nay then thou ſhalt not periſh.

Fra. And though I love ye above the light ſhines on me,
Beyond the wealth of Kingdomes, free content,
Sooner would ſnatch at ſuch a bleſſing offer'd
Then at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited,
Yet, yet O noble beauty, yet O paradiſe
For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,
Yet is a gratitude to be preſerv'd
A worthy gratitude to one moſt worthy
The name, and noblenes of friends,

Cell. Pray tell me
If I had never knowne that gentleman
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?
Fra. Do you make a doubt?
Cell. And can ye be unwilling
He being old and impotent: his aime too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not conſtrain'd,
But out of cure, and councell? alas conſider
Play but the woman with me, and conſider
As he himſelfe do's, and I now dare ſee it
Truly conſider ſir, what miſery.
Fra. For vertues ſake take heed.
Cell. What loſſe of youth,
What everlaſting baniſhment from that
Our yeares doe only covet to arive at
Equall affections and ſhot together:
What living name can dead age leave behind him
What art of memory but fruitleſſe doating?
Fra. This cannot be.
Cell. To you unleſſe ye apply it
With more and firmer faith, and ſo digeſt it
I ſpeake but of things poſſible, not done
Nor like to be, a poſſet cures your ſickneſſe
And yet I know ye grieve this; and howſoever
The worthines of Friend may make ye ſtagger
Which is a faire thing in ye, yet my Patient,
My gentle Patient, I would faine ſay more
If you would underſtand.
Val. O cruell Woman.
Cell. Yet ſure your ſickneſſe is not ſo forgetfull
Nor you ſo willing to be loſt.
Fra. Pray ſtay there:
Me thinks you are not faire now; me thinks more
That modeſt, vertue, men delivered of you
Shewes but like ſhadow to me, thin, and fading.
Val. Excellent Friend.
Fra. Ye have no ſhare in goodneſſe:
Ye are belyde; you are not *Cellide*,

The modeſt, unaculate: who are ye?
For I will know: what devill to do miſchiefe
Vnto my vertuous Friend, hath ſhifted ſhapes
With that unblemiſhed beauty.

Cell. Do not rave Sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts diſtract ye,
You ſhall enjoy me: I am yours: I pitty
By thoſe faire eyes I do.

Fra. O double hearted,
O woman, perfect woman: what diſtraction
Was meant to mankind when thou was't made a devill,
What an invyting hell invented? tell me,
And if you yet remember what is goodneſſe,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one ſo cheriſh'd
So fainted in the ſoule of him, whoſe ſervice
Is almoſt turn'd to ſupperſtition,
Whoſe every day endeavours, and deſires
Offer themſelves like incenſe on your altar,
Whoſe heart holds no intelligence, but holy
And moſt religious with his love; whoſe life
(And let it ever be remembred Lady)
Is drawne out only for your ends.

Val. O miracle.

Fra. Whoſe all, and every part of man: pray make me
Like ready Pages wait upon your pleaſures;
Whoſe breath is but your bubble. Can ye, dare ye,
Muſt ye caſt of this man, though he were willing,
Though in a noblenes, ſo croſſe my danger
His friendſhip durſt confirme it, without baſeneſſe,
Without the ſtaine of honour? ſhall not people
Say liberally hereafter, ther's the Lady
That loſt her Father, Friend, herſelfe, her faith too,
To fawne upon a ſtranger, for ought you know
As faithleſſe as your ſelfe, in love as fruitleſſe?

Val. Take her withall my heart, thou art ſo honeſt
That tis moſt neceſſary I be undone.

Cell. With all my ſoule poſſeſſe her. *Exit, Val.*
Till this minut.

I ſcorn'd, and hated ye, and came to coſen ye:
Vtter'd thoſe things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad.
Fra. Good heaven, what is this woman?
Cell. Nor did your danger, but in charity.
Move me a whit: nor you appeare unto me
More then a common object, yet, now truely,
Truely, and nobly I doe love ye deerely,
And from this houre, ye are the man I honour,
You are the man, the excellence, the honeſty,
The onely friend, and I am glad your ſickneſſe
Fell ſo moſt happily at this time on ye,
To make this truth the worlds.
Fra. Whether doe you drive me?
Cell. Backe to your honeſty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a ſtrong built Caſtle, ſeated high,
That drawes on all ambitions, ſtill repaire it,
Still fortifie it: there are thouſand foes
Beſides the tyrant beauty, will aſſaile it:
Looke to your Centin: Is that watch it hourely,
Your eyes, let them not wander.
Fra. Is this ſerious?
Cell. Or do's ſhe play ſtill with me?
Keep your eares,
The two maine ports that may betray ye ſtrongly
From light beliefe firſt, then from flattery,
Eſpecially where woman beats the parley:
The body of your ſtrength, your noble heart
From ever yeelding to diſhoneſt ends,
Rigd round about with vertue, that no breaches,
No ſubtle mynes may meet ye.
Fra. How like the Sun
Labouring in his eclipſe, darke, and prodigious,
She ſhew'd till now? when having won her way,
How full of wonder he breakes out againe,
And ſheds his vertuous beames: excellent Angell,

For no leſſe can that heavenly minde proclaime thee,
Honour of all thy ſexe, let it be lawfull,
And like a pilgrim thus I kneele to beg it,
Not with prophane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wiſhes,
To kiſſe that virgin hand.

Cel. Take your deſire ſir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare truſt ye,
No other fruit my love muſt ever yeeld yee,
I feare no more: yet your moſt conſtant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthineſſe)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband,
Farewell, and fairely governe your affections,
Stand, and deceive me not: O noble yong man,
I love thee with my ſoule, but dare not ſay it:
Once more farewell, and proſper. *Exit.*

Fra. Goodneſſe guide thee:
My wonder like to fearefull ſhapes in dreames,
Has wakened me out of my fit of folly,
But not to ſhake it off: a ſpell dwels in me,
A hidden charme ſhot from this beauteous woman,
That fate can ne'r avoid, nor phyſicke finde,
And by her counſell ſtrengthen'd: onely this
Is all the helpe I have, I love faire vertue.
Well, ſomething I muſt doe, to be a friend,
Yet *I* am poore, and tardy: ſomething for her too,
Though I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatneſſe.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Val. Be not uncivill *Tom*, and take your pleaſure.

Thom. Doe you think I am mad? you'l give me leave
To try her fairely?

Val. Doe your beſt.

Thom. Why there boy,
But wher's the ſicke man?

Hyl. Where are the gentlewomen

That

That ſhould attend him, ther's the patent
Me thinks theſe women.
Thom. Thou thinkſt nothing elſe.
Val. Goe to him friend, and comfort him: Ile leade ye:
O my beſt joy, my worthieſt friend, pray pardon me,
I am ſo over-joy'd I want expreſſion:
I may live to be thankfull: bid your friends welcome.
Exit. Val.
Thom. How do'ſt thou *Frank?* how do'ſt thou boy, beare up man:
What, ſhrink i'th ſinewes for a little ſickneſſe? *Deavolo morte.*
Fra. I am o'th mending hand.
Thom. How like a Flute thou ſpeak'ſt o'th mending hand man:
Gogs bores, I am well, ſpeake like a man of worſhip.
Fra. Thou art a mad companion: never ſtaid *Tom?*
Tho. Let rogues be ſtaid that have no habitation,
A gentleman may wander: ſit thee down *Frank*,
And ſee what I have brought thee: come diſcover,
Open the ſceane, and let the work appeare,
A friend at need you rogue is worth a million.
Fra. What haſt thou there, a julip?
Hyl. He muſt not touch it,
'Tis preſent death.
Tho. Ye are an Aſſe, a twirepipe,
A *Ieffrey John bo peepe*, thou mimiſter,
Thou mend a left-handed pack-ſaddle, out puppey,
My friend *Frank*, but a very fooliſh fellow:
Do'ſt thou ſee that bottle? view it well.
Fran. I doe *Tom.*
Tom. There be as many lives in't, as a Cat carries,
'Tis everlaſting liquor.
Fra. What?
Tom. Old Sack boy,
Old reverend Sack, which for ought that I can reade yet,
Was that Philoſophers Stone the wiſe King *Ptolomeus*
Did all his wonders by.
Fra. I ſee no harme *Tom*,
Drinke with a moderation.

Tom.

Tom. Drinke with ſuger;
Which I have ready here, and here a glaſſe boy,
Take me without my tooles.
Sam. Pray ſir be temperate,
You know your owne ſtate beſt.
Fra. Sir, I much thanke ye,
And ſhall be carefull: yet a glaſſe or two
So fit I finde my body, and that ſo needfull.
Tom. Fill it, and leave your fooling: thou ſay'ſt true *Frank*.
Hyl. Where are theſe women I ſay?
Tom. Tis moſt neceſſary,
Hang up your julips, and your portugall poſſets,
Your barly brothes, and ſorrell ſops, they are mangy,
And breed the ſcratches onely: give me Sack:
I wonder where this wench is though: have at thee:
Hyl. So long, and yet no bolting.
Fra. Doe, I'le pledge thee.
Tom. Take it off thrice, and then cry heigh like a Huntſman
With a cleere heart, and no more fits I warrant thee.
The onely Cordiall *Frank*. *Phiſ. within, & Serv.*
1 *Phiſ.* Are the things ready?
And is the Barber come?
Ser. An houre agoe ſir.
1 *Phiſ.* Bring out the oyles then.
Fra. Now or never gentlemen,
Doe me a kindeneſſe and deliver me.
Tom. From whom boy?
Fra. From theſe things, that talke within there,
Phyſitians, *Tom*, Phyſitians, ſcowring-ſticks,
They meane to reade upon me.

Enter three Phiſ. Apoth. and Barber.

Hyl. Let 'em enter.
Tom. And be thou confident, we will deliver thee:
For looke ye Doctor, ſay the divell were ſicke now,
His hornes ſaw'd off and his head bound with a Biggin,
Sicke of a calenture taken by a ſurfet

Of ſtinking ſoules at his nephews, and S. *Dunſtans*,
What would you miniſter upon the ſudden?
Your judgement ſhort and ſound.
1 *Ph.* A fooles head.
Tom. No ſir,
It muſt be a Phyſitians for three cauſes,
The firſt becauſe it is a bald head likely,
Which will down eaſily without apple-pap.
3 *Phiſ.* A maine cauſe.
Tom. So it is, and well conſider'd,
The ſecond, for 'tis fil'd with broken Greek ſir,
Which will ſo tumble in his ſtomacke, Doctor,
And worke upon the crudities, conceive me
The feares, and the fidle ſtrings within it,
That thoſe damn'd ſoules muſt diſembogue againe.
Hyl. Or meeting with the ſtygian humour.
Tom. Right ſir.
Hyl. Forc'd with a cataplaſme of crackers.
Tom. Ever.
Hyl. Scowre all before him, like a Scavenger.
Tom. *Satis feciſti domine:* my laſt cauſe,
My laſt is, and not leaſt, moſt learned Doctors,
Becauſe in moſt Phyſitians heads (I meane thoſe
That are moſt excellent, and old withall,
And angry, though a patient ſay his prayers,
And *Paracelſians* that doe trade with poyſons,
We have it by tradition of great writers)
There is a kinde of toad-ſtone bread, whoſe vertue
The Doctor being dri'd.
1 *Phiſ.* We are abus'd ſirs.
Hyl. I take it ſo, or ſhall be, for ſay the belly-ake
Caus'd by an inundation of Peaſe-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port veyne,
Or the port Eſquiline?
Sam. A learned queſtion:
Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The ſigne being then in the head of *Capricorne*.
Tom. Meet with the paſſion Hupercondriaca,

And ſo cauſe a carnoſitie in the kidneyes.
Tom. Muſt not the brains being butter'd with this humour?
Anſwer me that.
Sam. Moſt excellently argued.
2 *Phiſ.* The next fit you will have, my moſt fine ſcholler,
Bedlam ſhall findeia ſalve for: fare ye well ſir,
We came to doe you good, but theſe yong Doctors
It ſeemes have boar'd our noſes.
3 Drinke hard Gentlemen,
And get unwholeſome drabs: 'tis ten to one then
We ſhall heare further from ye, your note alter'd. *Exit.*
Tom. And wilt thou be gone, ſaies one?
Hyl. And wilt thou be gone ſaies to'ther?
Teas. Then take the odde crowne
To mend thy old gowne.
Sam. And we'l be gone all together.
Fra. My learned *Tom.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the yong Gentlewomen
Sent me to ſee what company ye had with ye,
They much deſire to viſite ye.
Fra. Pray ye thanke 'em,
And tell 'em my moſt ſickneſſe is their abſence:
Ye ſee my company.
Tom. Come hither Crab,
What gentlewomen are theſe? my Miſtreſſe?
Ser. Yes ſir.
Hyl. And who elſe?
Ser. Miſtreſſe *Alice.*
Hyl. Oh.
Tom. Harke ye ſirha,
No word of my being here, unleſſe ſhe know it.
Ser. I doe not thinke ſhe do's.
Tom. Take that, and mum, then
Ser. You have ty'd my tongue up. *Exit.*
Tom. Sit you downe good *Francis*,

And

And not a word of me till ye heare from me,
And as you finde my humour, follow it:
You two come hither, and ſtand cloſe, unſeen boyes,
And doe as I ſhall tutor ye.
Fran. What, new worke?
Tom. Prethee no more, but helpe me now,
Hyl. I would faine
Talke with the gentlewomen.
Tom. Talke with the gentlewomen?
Of what forſooth? whoſe maiden-head the laſt maske
Suffer'd impreſſion, or whoſe clyſter wrought beſt:
Take me as I ſhall tell thee.
Hyl. To what end?
What other end came we along?
Sam. Be rul'd though.
Tom. Your weezell face muſt needs be ferretting
About the farthing-ale,
Doe as I bid ye,
Or by this light.
Hyl. Come then,
Tom. Stand cloſe and marke me,
Fran. All this forc'd foolery will never doe it.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice I hope we bring ye health ſir: how is't with ye?
Ma. You look far better truſt me, the freſh colour
Creeps now againe into his cheeks.
Alice Your enemy
I ſee has done his worſt. Come, we muſt have ye
Luſty againe, and frolicke man; leave thinking
Ma. Indeed it do's ye harme ſir.
Fra. My beſt viſitants,
I ſhall be govern'd by ye.
Alice You ſhall be well then,
And ſuddenly, and ſoundly well.
Ma. This ayre ſir
Having now ſeaſon'd ye: will keep ye ever.
Tho. No, no, I have no hope, nor is it fit friends,

My life has bin so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,
That any thing but curses light upon me,
Exorbitant in all my waies.
Alice Who's that sir,
Another sicke man.
Ma. Sure, I know that voyce well.
Tho. In all my courses, cureless disobedience.
Fra. What a strange fellow's this?
Tho. No counsell friends,
No looke before I leapt.
Alice Doe yo' know the voyce sir?
Fra. Yes, 'tis a gentlemans that's much afflicted
In's minde: great pitty Ladies.
Alice Now heaven help him.
Fra. He came to me, to aske free pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appeare like wrong, but 'twas not so.
Ma. O that this could be truth.
Hyl. Perswade your selfe.
Tho. To what end gentlemen, when all is perish'd
Vpon a wrack, is there a hope remaining?
The sea, that nev'r knew sorrow, may be pittifull,
My credit's spilt, and sunke, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as.
Ma. I like this well.
Sam. Your minde is too mistrustfull.
Tho. I have a vertuous sister, but I scorn'd her,
A Mistresse too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodnesse all out-going.
Alice Now I know him.
Thom. With these eyes friends, my eyes must nev'r see (more.
Al. This is for your sake *Mary*: take heed cosen,
A man is not so soone made.
Tom. O my fortune,
But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.
Hyl. Despaire not, 'tis not manly: one houres goodnesse
Strikes off an infinite of ils.

Alice

Al. Weepe truly
And with compassion Cosin.
Fra. How exactly
This cunning yong theefe plaies his part.
Ma. Well *Tom*
My *Tom* againe, if this be truth.
Hil. She weepes boy.
Tom. O I shall die.
Ma. Now heaven defend.
Sam. Thou hast her.
Tom. Come lead me to my Friend to take his farewell,
And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome.
How do's it show?
Hyl. O rarely well.
Ma. Say you so Sir.
Fra. O ye grand Asse.
Ma. And are ye there my Iuggler
Away we are abus'd *Alice.*
Al. Foole be with thee. *Exit. Ma. and Al.*
Tom. Where is she.
Fra. Gon; she found you out, and finely,
In your own nooze she halter'd ye: you must be whispering
To know how things showd: not content to fare well,
But you must roare out rost meate; till that suspition
You carried it most neately, she beleeved too
And wept most tenderly; had you continew'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.
Tom. This was thy Rouging,
For thou wert ever whispering: fye upon thee
Now could I breaks thy head.
Hyl. You spoke to me first.
Tom. Do not anger me,
For by this hand ile beate the buzard blind then
She shall not scape me thus: farewell for this time,
Fra. Good night, tis almost bed time: yet no sleepe
Must enter theese eyes, till I worke a wonder. *Exit.*
Tom. Thou shalt along too, for I meane to plague thee
For this nights sins, I will nev'r leave walking of thee

Till I have worne thee out.
Hyl. Your will be done Sir.
Tom. You will not leave me *Sam.*
Sam. Not I.
To. Away then: ile be your guid now, if my man be trusty
My spightfull Dame, ile pipe ye such a huntsup
Shall make ye daunce a tipvaes: keepe close to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sebastian, and Dorothy.

Seb. NEver perswade me, I will marry againe
What should I leave my state to, pins & poaking sticks
To Farthingals, and frownces, to fore-horses
And a old leather bawdy house behind'en
To thee?
Dor. You have a sonne Sir.
Seb. Where, what is he?
Who is he like?
Dor. Your selfe.
Seb. Thou lyest, thou hast mard him,
Thou, and thy praier bookes: I do disclaime him:
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly Ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechizme in's pocket Damsell,
One of yonr deare disciples, I perceive it?
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What Taverne has he us'd to? what things done
That shewes a man, and mettle? when was my house
At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten a clocke, and twelve, for want of company?
No singing, nor no dauncing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals; when, and where
Has he but shewd his sword of late.
Dor. Dispaire not
I do beseech you Sir, nor tempt your weakness,

For

For if you like it ſo, I can aſſure you
He is the ſame man ſtill.
Seb. Would thou wert aſhes
On that condition; but beleeve it goſſip
You ſhall know you have wrong.
Dor. You never *Sir*,
So will I know my duty: and for heaven ſake,
Take but this councell with ye ere you marry,
You were wont to heare me: take him, and confeſſe him
Search him toth' quicke, and if you find him falſe
Do as pleaſe you; a Mothers name I honour.
Seb. He is loſt, and ſpoil'd I am reſolv'd my rooffe
Shall never harbour him: and for your Minion
Ile keepe you cloſe enough, leaſt you breake looſe
And do more michiefe; get ye in: who waits. *Exit. Dor.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you call Sir?
Seb. Seeke the Boy: and bid him wait
My pleaſure in the morning: marke what houſe
He is in, and what he do's: and truly tell me.
Ser. I will not faile Sir.
Seb. If ye do, ile hang ye. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Tom. KEepe you the backe doore there, and be ſure
None of her ſervants enter, or goe out,
If any woman paſſe, ſhe is lawfull prize, boyes
Cut off all convoyes.
Hyl. Who ſhall anſwere this?
Tho. Why, I ſhall anſwere it, you fearefull widgen,
I ſhall appeare toth' action.
Hyl. May we diſcourſe too
On honourable tearmes?
Tho. With any gentlewoman.

That

That shall appeare at window: ye may rehearse too
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of poetry to a Chambermaid.
Hyl. May we sing too?
For ther's my master-piece.
Tho. By no meanes, no boyes,
I am the man reserv'd for ayre, 'tis my part,
And if she be not rock, my voyce shall reach her:
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister, but for maine singing,
Pray ye satisfie your selves: away, be carefull.
Hyl. But hark ye one word *Tom*, we may be beaten.
Tom. That's as ye think good your selves: if you deserve it,
Why 'tis the easiest thing to compasse: beaten?
What bugbeares dwell in thy brains? who should beat thee?
Hyl. She has men enough,
Thom. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: if all that masse
Will not maintaine a little spirit, hang it,
Aud dry it too for dogs meat: get you gone;
I have things of moment in my minde: that doore,
Keep it as thou would'st keep thy wife from a Servingman.
No more I say: away *Sam.*
Sam. At your will sir. *Exit Hyl. & Sam.*

Enter Launcelot and Fidler.

Lan. I have him here, a rare rogue, good sweet master,
Doe something of some savour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd,
No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur,
Not by the vertue of my languages,
Nothing at my old masters to be hoped for,
O Signieur *du*, nothing to line my life with,
But cold Pyes with a cudgell, till you help us.
Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee: come hither Fidler,
What Ballads are you seen in best: be short sir.
Fidler Vnder your masterships correction, I can sing

The Duke of *Norfolke*, or the merry Ballad
Of *Diverus* and *Lazarus*, the Roſe of *England*,
In *Creet* when *Dedimus* firſt began,
Jonas his crying out againſt *Coventry*,
Tho. Excellent,
Rare matters all.
Fid. Mawdlin the Merchants daughter,
The Divell, and ye dainty Dames.
Tom. Rare ſtill.
Fid. The landing of the Spaniards at *Bow*,
With the bloudy battell at *Mile-end*.
Tho. All excellent:
No tuning as ye love me; let thy Fidle
Speake welch, or any thing that's out of all tune,
The vilder ſtill the better, like thy ſelfe,
For I preſume thy voyce will make no trees dance.
Fid. Nay truely, ye ſhall have it ev'n as homely.
Tho. Keep ye to that key, are they all abed trow?
Lan. I heare no ſtirring any where, no light
In any window, 'tis a night for the nonce Sir.
Tom. Come ſtrike up then: and ſay the Merchants daughter,
We'l beare the burthen: proceed to inciſion Fidler. *Song.*

Enter Servant above.

Ser. Who's there? what noyſe is this? what rogue
At theſe houres?
Thom. O what is that to you my foole?
O what is that to you,
Plucke in your face you bawling Aſſe,
Or I will breake your brow. *hey down, down, adown.*
A new Ballad, a new, a new.
Fid. The twelfth of Aprill, on May day,
My houſe and goods were burnt away, &c. *Maid above.*
Maid Why who is this?
Lan. O damſell deere,
Open the doore, and it ſhall appeare,
Open the doore,

O gentle squire.

Maid I'le see thee hang first: farewell my deere,
'Tis master *Thomas*, there he stands.

Enter Mary above.

Mary 'Tis strange
That nothing can redeeme him: raile him hence,
Or sing him out in's owne way, any thing
To be deliver'd of him.

Maid Then have at him:
My man Thomas *did me promise.*
He would visite me this night.

Tho. *I am here Love, tell me deere Love,*
How I may obtaine thy sight.

Maid *Come up to my window love, come, come, come,*
Come to my window my deere,
The winde, nor the raine, shall trouble thee againe,
But thou shalt be lodged here.

Thom. And art thou strong enough?

Lan. Vp, up, I warrant ye.

Mary What do'st thou meane to doe?

Maid Good Mistresse peace,
I'le warrant ye wee'l coole him: *Madge,* *Madge above.*

Madge I am ready.

Tho. *The love of Greece and it tickled him so,*
That he devised a way to goe.
Now sing the Duke of *Northumberland.*

Fidler *And climbing to promotion,*
He fell down suddenly, *Madge with a divels vizard roring, offers to kisse him, and he fals down.*

Maid Farewell sir.

Mary What hast thou done? thou hast broke his neck.

Maid Not hurt him,
He pitcht upon his legs like a Cat.

Tho. O woman:
O miserable woman, I am spoil'd,
My leg, my leg, my leg, oh both my legs.

Mary

Mary. I told thee what thou hadſt done, miſchiefe go with thee,
Tho. O I am lam'd for ever: O my leg,
Broken in twenty places: O take heed,
Take heed of women, Fidler: oh a Surgeon,
A Surgeon, or I dye: oh my good people,
No charitable people, all deſpightfull,
Oh what a miſery am I in: oh my leg.
Lan. Be patient ſir, be patient: let me binde it.

Enter Samuel and Hylas with his head broken.

Tho. Oh doe not touch it rogue.
Hyl. My head, my head,
Oh my head's kil'd.
Sam. You muſt be courting wenches
Through key-holes, Captain *Hylas*, come and be comforted,
The skin is ſcarce broke.
Tho. O my leg.
Sam. How doe ye ſir?
Tho. Oh maim'd for ever with a fall, he's ſpoil'd too,
Ifee his braines.
Hyl. Away with me for Gods ſake,
A Surgeon.
Sam. Here's a night indeed.
Hyl. A Surgeon. *Exit all but* Fidler.

Enter Mary and ſervant below.

Mary Goe run for helpe.
Tho. Oh,
Mary Run all, and all too little,
O curſed beaſt that hurt him, run, run, flye,
He will be dead elſe.
Tho. Oh.
Mary Good friend goe you too.
Fid. Who payes me for my Muſicke?
Mary Pox o'your Muſicke,
Ther's twelve pence for ye.

Fid. Ther's two groates againe forsooth,
I never take above, and rest ye merry. *Exit.*

Ma. A greate pot guild your fidle strings: how do you,
How is my deere?

Tom. Why well I thank ye sweet heart,
Shall we walke in, for now ther's none to trouble us?

Ma. Are ye so crafty sir? I shall meet with ye,
I knew your tricke, and I was willing: my *Tom*,
Mine owne *Tom*, now to satisfie thee, welcome, welcome,
Welcome my best friend to me, all my deerest.

Tom. Now ye are my noble Mistresse: we loose time sweet.

Ma. I thinke they are all gone.

Tom. All, ye did wisely.

Ma. And you as craftily.

Tom. We are well met Mistresse.

Ma. Come, let's goe in then lovingly: O my Skarfe *Tom*.
I lost it thereabout, finde it, and weare it
As your poore Mistresse favour. *Exit.*

Tom. I am made now,
I see no venture is in no hand: I have it,
How now? the doore lock't, and she in before?
Am I so trim'd?

Ma. One parting word sweet *Thomas*,
Though to save your credit, I discharg'd your Fidler,
I must not satisfie your folly too sir,
Ye'are subtle, but beleeve it Foxe, i'le finde ye,
The Surgeons will be here strait, rore againe boy,
And breake thy legs for shame, thou wilt be sport else,
Good night.

Tom. She saies most true, I must not stay: she has bobd me,
Which if I live, I'le recompence, and shortly,
Now for a Ballad to bring me off againe.
All yong men be warn'd by me, how you do goe a wooing.
Seek not to climb, for feare ye fall thereby, comes your undoing,
&c. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and servant.

Val. HE cannot goe and take no farewell of me,
Can he be so vnkinde? he's but retir'd
Into the Garden or the Orchard: see sirs.
Alice He would not ride there certain, those were planted
Onely for walkes I take it.
Val. Ride, nay then,
Had he horse out?
Ser. So the Groome delivers
Somewhat before the breake of day.
Val. He's gone,
My best friends gone *Alice?* I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man I ere found yet.
Alice Inded sir, he deserves all praise.
Val. All sister,
All, all, and all too little: O that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodnesse.
Alice Sure he will returne sir,
He cannot be so harsh.
Val. O never, never,
Never returne, thou know'st not where the cause lyes.
Alice He was the worthiest welcome.
Val. He deserv'd it.
Alice Nor wanted, to our knowledge.
Val. I will tell thee,
Within this houre, things that shall startle thee.
He never must returne. *Enter Michael.*
Mich. Good morrow Signieur.
Val. Good morrow master *Michael.*
Mich. My good neighbour,
Me thinks you are stirring early since your travell,
You have learn'd the rule of health sir, where's your mistres?

She keeps her warme I warrant ye, a bed yet?

Val. I thinke she do's.

Alice 'Tis not her houre of waking.

Mich. Did you lye with her Lady?

Alice Not to night sir.
Nor any night this weeke else.

Mich. When last saw ye her?

Alice Late yester night.

Mich. Was she abed then?

Alice No sir,
I left her at her prayers: why doe ye aske me?

Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dreame
All this long night, and after many wakings,
The same dreame still; me thought I met yong *Cellide*
Iust at S. *Katherines* gate the Nunnery.

Val. Ha?

Mich. Her face slubber'd o're with teares, and troubles,
Me thought she cry'd unto the Lady Abbesse,
For charity receive me holy woman,
A Maid that has forgot the worlds affections,
Into thy virgin order: me thought she tooke her,
Put on a Stole, and sacred robe upon her,
And there I left her.

Val. Dreame?

Mich. Good Mistresse *Alice*
Doe me the favour (yet to satisfie me)
To step but up, and see.

Alice I know she's there sir,
And all this but a dreame?

Mich. You know not my dreames,
They are unhappy ones, and often truths,
But this I hope, yet

Alice I will satisfie ye, *Exit.*

Mich. Neighbours, how do's the gentleman?

Val. I know not,
Dreame of a Nunnery?

Mich. How found ye my words
About the nature of his sicknesse *Valentine*?

Val.

Val. Did she not cry out, 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this Nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God sake speake: did you not dreame of me too,
How basely, poorely, tamely, like a foole,
Tir'd with his joyes?

Mich. Alas poore gentleman.
Ye promis'd me sir to beare all these crosses.

Val. I beare 'em till I breake againe.

Mich. But nobly,
Truely to weigh.

Val. Good neighbours, no more of it,
Ye doe but fling flaxe on my fire: where is she?

Enter Alice.

Alice Not yonder sir, nor has not this night certaine
Bin in her bed.

Mich. It must be truth she tels ye,
And now I'le shew ye why I came: this morning
A man of mine being employed about businesse,
Came early home, who at S. *Katherines* Nunnery,
About day peep, told me he met your Mistresse,
And as I spoke it in a dreame, so troubled
And so received by the Abbesse, did he see her?
The wonder made me rise, and haste unto ye
To know the cause.

Val. Farewell, I cannot speake it. *Exit Val.*

Alice For heaven sake leave him not.

Mich. I will not Lady.

Alice Alas, he's much afflicted,

Mich. We shall know shortly more, apply your own care
At home good *Alice*, and trust him to my counsell.
Nay, doe not weep, all shall be well, despaire not. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sebastian, and a Servant.

Seb. AT *Valentines* house so merry?
Ser. As a pie Sir:
Seb. So gamesom dost thou say?
Ser. I am sure I heard it.
Seb. Ballads, and Fidles too?
Ser. No, but one Fidle;
But twenty noyces. *Enter Launcelot.*
Seb. Did he do devises?
Ser. The best devises sir: her's my fellow *Launcelot*
He can informe ye all: he was among'em,
A mad thing too: I stood but in a corner.
Seb. Come sir, what can you say? is there any hope yet
You Master may returne?
Lan. He went far else
I will assure your worship on my credit
By the faith of a Travellor, and a Gentleman,
Your sonne is found againe, the sonne, the *Tom.*
Seb. Is he the old *Tom*?
Lan. The old *Tom.*
Seb. Goe forward.
Lan. Next, to consider how he is the old *Tom.*
Seb. Handle me that.
Lan. I would ye had seene it handled
Last night sir, as we handled it: *cap à pe,*
Footra for leers, and learings; O the noyse
The noyse we made.
Seb. Good, good.
Lan. The windowes clattring
And all the Chambermaides, in such a whobub,
One with her smocke halfe off, another in hast
With a servingmans hose upon her head.
Seb. Good still.

Lan.

Lan. A fellow rayling out of a loop hole there
And his mouth ſtopt with durt.
Seb. y'faith a fine Boy.
Lan. Here one of our heads broke.
Seb. Excellent good ſtill.
Lan. The gentleman himſelfe yong M. *Thomas*,
Invirond with his furious Mermidons
The fiery Fidler, and my ſelfe; now ſinging,
Now beating at the doore, there parlying,
Courting at that window, at the other ſcalling
And all theſe ſeverall noyſes to two Trenchers,
Strung with a bottome of browne thred, which ſhowd admirable.
Seb. There eate, and grow againe, I am pleas'd.
Lan. Nor here ſir.
Gave we the frolicke over: though at length
We quit the Ladies Skonce on compoſition
But to the ſilent ſtreetes we turn'd our furies:
A ſleeping watchman here we ſtole the ſhooes from,
There made a noyſe, at which he wakes, and followes:
The ſtreetes are durty, takes a queene-hith cold,
Hard cheeſe, and that choakes him o' Munday next:
Windowes, and ſignes we ſent to *Erebus*;
A crue of bawling curs we entertain'd laſt,
When having let the pigs looſe in out pariſhes,
O the brave cry we made as high as Algate!
Downe comes a Conſtable, and the Sow his Siſter
Moſt trayterouſly tramples upon Authority,
There a whole ſtand of rug gownes rowted manly
And the Kings peace put flight: a purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the Admirable Lanthorne,
Out goes the light, and all turnes to confuſion:
A Potter riſes, to enquire this paſſion
A Boare imboſt takes ſanctuary in his ſhop.
When twenty dogs ruſh after, we ſtill cheering
Down goes the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding pans,
The creame bols cry revenge here, there the candleſticks.
Seb. If this be true, thou little tyny page
This tale that thou tell'ſt me

Then on thy backe will I preſently hang
A handſon new Levery:
But if this be falſe, thou little tyney page
As falſe it well may be
Then with a cudgell of foure foote long
Ile beate thee from head to toe. *Enter Servant.*
Seb. Will the boy come.
Ser. He will ſir. *Enter Thomas.*
Seb. Time tries all ther.
Lan. Here he comes now himſelfe ſir.
Seb. To be ſhort *Thomas*
Becauſe I feele a ſcruple in my conſcience
Concerning the demeanour, and a maine one
And therefore like a Father would be ſatisfi'd,
Get up to that window there, and preſently
Like a moſt compleat Gentleman, come from *Tripoly.*
Tom Good Lord ſir, how are you miſled: what fancies
(Fitter for idle boyes, and drunkards, let me ſpeak't
And with a little wonder I beſeech you)
Choake up your noble judgement?
Seb. You Rogue *Launcelet,*
You lying raſcall.
Lan. Will ye ſpoile all agen ſir.
Why, what a devill do you meane?
Tom. Away knave,
Ye keepe a company of ſawcy fellowes
Deboſh'd, & dai y drunkards, to deavoure ye,
Things, whoſe dull ſoules, tend to the Celler only,
Ye are ill advis'd ſir, to commit your credit.
Seb. Sirha, ſirha.
Lan. Let me never eate againe ſir,
Nor feele the bleſſing of another blew-coate
If this yong Gentleman, ſweet Maſter *Thomas*
Be not as mad as heart can wiſh: your heart ſir,
If yeſternights diſcourſe: ſpeake fellow *Robin*,
And if thou ſpeakeſt leſſe then truth.
Tom. Tis ſtrange theſe varlets.
Ser. By theſe ten bones ſir, if theſe eies, and eares

Can

Can heare and ſee.
Tom. Extreame ſtrange, ſhould thus boldly
Bud in your ſight, unto your ſonne.
Lan. O deu guin
Can ye deny, ye beat a Conſtable
Laſt night.
Tom. I touch Autboritie ye raſcall?
I violate the Law?
Lan. Good M. *Thomas*,
Ser. Did you not take two Wenches from the Watch too
And put'em into pudding lane?
Lan. We meane not
Thoſe civill things you did at M. *Valentines*
The Fidle, and the fa'las,
Tom. O ſtrange impudence?
I do beſeech you ſir give no ſuch licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuſe your ſonne thus;
Be wiſe in time, and turne'em off: we live ſir
In a State govern'd civilly, and ſoberly
Where each mans actions ſhould confirme the Law,
Not cracke, and canzell it.
Seb. *Lancelot du Lake*
Get you upon adventers: caſt your coate
And make your exit.
Lan. *Pur la mour de dien*
Pur me no purs: but *pur* at that doore, out ſirha
Ile beate ye purblind elſe, out ye eight languages,
Lan. My bloud upon your head. *Exit Lan.*
Tom. Purge me'em all ſir.
Seb. And you too preſently.
Tom. Even as you pleaſe ſir.
Seb. Bid my maid ſervant come: and bring my daughter
I will have one ſhall pleaſe me. *Exit ſer.*
Tom. Tis moſt fit ſir.
Seb. Bring me the money there: here M. *Thomas*,
Enter two ſervants with two bags.
I pray ſit downe, ye are no more my ſonne now,
Good gentleman be cover'd;

Tom. At your pleasure.

Seb. This money I do give ye, because of whilom
You have bin thought my sonne, and by myselfe too,
And some things done like me: ye are now another
There is two hundred pound, a civill some
For a yong civill man: much land and Lordship
Will as I take it now, but prove temptation
To dread ye from your setled, and sweet carriage.

Tom. You say right sir.

Seb. Nay I beseech ye cover.

Tom. At your dispose: and I beseech ye too sir,
For the word civill, and more setled course
It may be put to use, that on the interest
Like a poore Gentleman.

Seb. It shall, to my use
To mine againe: do you see sir: good fine gentleman,
I give no brooding money for a Scrivener,
Mine is for present trafficke, and so ile use it.

Tom. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, and foure Maids.

Seb. For the maine cause Mounsieur
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that peice of story worke, and view it
I want a right heire to inherir me,
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will breake my backe, but I will get one.

Tom. Will you choose there sir?

Seb. There, among those Damsels,
In mine owne tribe: I know their quallities
Which cannot faile to please me: for their beauties
A matter of a three farthings, makes all perfect,
A little beere, and beeffe broth: they are sound too.
Stand all a breast: now gentle M. *Thomas*
Before I choose, you having liv'd long with me,
And happely sometimes with some of these too,
Which fault I never frown'd upon: pray shew me
(For feare we confound our Genealogies)

Which

Which have you laid aboord? speake your mind freely
Have you had copulation with that Damsell?

Tom. I have.

Seb. Stand you a side then: how with her sir?

Tom. How, is not seemely here to say.

Dor. Heer's fine sport.

Seb. Retyre you too: speake forward M. *Thomas.*

Tom. I will: and to the purpose; even with all sir.

Seb. With all that's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it

Was ever sinne so glorious?

Seb. With all *Thomas.*

Tom. All surely sir.

Seb. A signe thou art mine owne yet,
In againe all: and to your severall functions. *Exit. Maides.*
What say you to yong *Luce*, my neighbours daughter,
She was too yong I take it, when you travelled;
Some twelve yeare old?

Tom. Her will was fifteene sir,

Seb. A pretty answere, to cut of long discourse,
For I have many yet to aske ye of,
Where I can choose, and nobly, hold up your finger
When ye are right: what say ye to *Valeria*?
Whose husband lies a dying now? why two,
And in that forme?

Tom. Her husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty morall: have at ye once more *Thomas*,
The sisters of *St.* Albones, all five; dat boy,
Dat's mine owne boy.

Dor. Now our upon thee Monster.

Tom. Still hoping of your pardon.

Seb. There needes none man:
A straw on pardon: prethee need no pardon:
Ile aske no more, nor thinke no more of marriage,
For O my conscience I shalbe thy Cuckold:
Ther's some good yet left in him: beare your selfe well,
You may recover me, ther's twenty pound sir;
I see some sparkles which may flame againe,

You may eat with me when you pleaſe, you know me.
Exit Seb.

Dor. Why do you lye ſo damnably, ſo fooliſhly?

Tom. Do'ſt thou long to have thy head broke? hold thy (peace
And doe as I would have thee, or by this hand
I'le kill thy Parrat, hang up thy ſmall hand,
And drinke away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever ſuch a wilde Aſſe?

Tho. Prethee be quiet.

Dor. And do'ſt thou think men will not beat thee mon-
For abuſing their wives and children? (ſtrouſly

Tom. And do'ſt thou thinke
Mens wives and children can be abus'd too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tom. Nay, thou ſhalt adjure me
Before I have done.

Dor. How ſtand ye with your miſtreſſe?

Thom. I ſhall ſtand neerer
Ere I be twelve houres older: ther's my buſineſſe,
She is monſtrous ſubtile *Doll*.

Doll The divell I thinke
Cannot out ſubtle thee.

Tho. If he play faire play,
Come, you muſt helpe me preſently.

Dor. I diſcard ye.

Tom. Thou ſhalt not ſleep nor eate.

Dor. I'le no hand with ye,
No bawd to your abuſes.

Thom. By this light *Doll*,
Nothing but in the way of honeſty.

Dor. Thou never knew'ſt that road: I heare your vigils.

Tom. Sweet honey *Doll*, if I doe not marry her,
Honeſtly marry her, if I meane not honourably,
Come, thou ſhalt help me, take heed how you vex me,
I'le help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,
I know thou art mad, a tall yong man, a brown man,
I ſweare he has his maidenhead, a rich man.

Dor.

Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'le anſwere ye.

Tho. Nay I'le goe with thee *Doll*: four hundred a yeere wench. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Michael and Valentine.

Mich. GOod ſir go back again, and take my counſell,
Sores are not cur'd by ſorrows, nor time broke (from us,
Pul'd back again by ſighes.

Val. What ſhould I doe friend?

Mich. Doe that that may redeeme ye, goe back quickly,
Sebaſtians daughter can prevaile much with her,
The Abbeſſe is her Aunt too.

Val. But my friend then
Whoſe love and loſſe is equall ty'd?

Mich. Content ye,
That ſhall be my taske if he be alive,
Or where my travell and my care may reach him,
I'le bring him backe againe.

Val. Say he come backe
To piece his poor friends life out? and my miſtreſſe
Be vow'd for ever a recluſe?

Mich. So ſuddenly
She cannot, haſte ye therefore inſtantly away ſir,
To put that daughter by firſt as to a father,
Then as a friend ſhe was committed to ye,
And all the care ſhe now has: by which priviledge
She cannot doe her this violence,
But you may breake it, and the law allowes ye.

Val. O but I forc'd her to it.

Mich. Leave diſputing
Againſt your ſelfe, if you will needs be miſerable
Spight of her goodneſſe, and your friends perſwaſions,
Thinke on, and thrive thereafter.

Val.

Val. I will home then,
And follow your advise, and good, good *Michael.*
— *Mich.* No more, I know your soul's divided *Valentine,*
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage
Ere my returne, for then those thoughts that vext her,
While there ran any streame for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste ey'd honour guide her
Away, and hope the best still: I'le worke for ye,
And pray too heartily, away, no more words. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. I Care not for my broken head,
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lowzie, lazie wench prepar'd to doe it.
Sam. Thou hadst as good be quier, for o' my conscience
He'l put another on thee else.
Hyl. I am resolv'd
To call him to account, was it not manifest
He meant a mischiefe to me, and laughed at me,
When he lay roaring out, his leg was broken,
And no such matter: had he broke his necke,
Indeed 'twould ne'r ha griev'd me: gallowes gall him.
Why should he choose out me?
Sam. Thou art ever ready
To thrust thy selfe into these she occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.
Hyl. Well, if I live, I'le have a new tricke for him.
Sam. That will not be amisse, but to fight with him
Is to no purpose: besides, he's truely valiant,
And a most deadly hand: thou never foughtst yet,
Nor o' my conscience hast no faith in fighting.
Hyl. No, no, I will not fight.
Sam. Beside the quarrell,

Which

Which has a woman in't, to make it ſcurvy,
Who would lye ſtinking in a Surgeons hands
A moneth or two this weather; for beleeve it,
He never hurts under a quarters healing.
Hyl. No upon better thought, I will not fight *Sam*,
But watch my time
Sam. To pay him with a project:
Watch him too, I would wiſh ye: prethee tell me,
Do'ſt thou affect theſe women ſtill?
Hyl. Yes faith *Sam*,
I love 'em ev'n as well as ev'r I did,
Nay, if my braines were beaten out, I muſt to 'em.
Sam. Doſt thou love any woman?
Hyl. Any woman
Of what degree or calling.
Sam. Of any age too?
Hyl. Of any age; from fourſcore to fourteen boy,
Of any faſhion.
Sam. And defect too?
Hyl. Right.
For thoſe I love to leade me to repentance:
A woman with no noſe, after my ſurquedry,
Shewes like King *Philips* morall, *memento mori*,
And ſhe that has a wodden leg, demonſtrates
Like *Hypocrites*, we halt before the gallowes:
An old one with one tooth, ſeemes to ſay to us
Sweet meats have ſowre ſawce: ſhe that's full of aches,
Crum not your bread before you taſte your porridge,
And many morals we may finde.
Sam. 'Tis well ſir,
Ye make ſo worthy uſes: but *quid igitur*,
What ſhall we now determine?
Hyl. Let's conſider,
An houre or two, how I may fit this fellow.
Sam. Let's finde him firſt, he'l quickly give occaſion,
But take heed to your ſelfe, and ſay I warn'd ye:
He has a plaguy pate.
Hyl. That at my danger. *Exeunt.* *Muſick.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Saylors ſinging to them, Michael *and* Francis.

Sayl. A Board, aboard, the winde ſtands faire.
Mich. Theſe call for paſſengers, I'le ſtay, & ſee
What men they take aboard.
Fra. A boat, a boat, a boat.
Say. Away then.
Fra. Whether are ye bound friends?
Sayl. Downe to the Straytes.
Mich. Ha, 'tis not much unlike him.
Fra. May I have paſſage for my money?
Say. And welcome too.
Mich. 'Tis he, I know 'tis he now.
Fra. Then merrily aboard, and noble friend
Heauens goodneſſe keep thee ever, and all vertue
Dwell in thy boſome *Cellide*, my laſt teares
I leave behinde me thus, a ſacrifice,
For *I* dare ſtay no longer to betray ye.
Mich. Be not ſo quicke ſir: Saylors *I* here charge ye
By vertue of this warrant, as you will anſwer it,
For both your ſhip and Merchant *I* know perfectly:
Lay hold upon this fellow.
Fra. Fellow?
Mich. I ſir.
Sayl. No hand to ſword ſir, we ſhall maſter ye,
Fetch out the manacles.
Fra. *I* doe obey ye:
But *I* beſeech ye ſir, inform me truely
How *I* am guilty.
Mich. Ye have rob'd a gentleman,
One that ye are bound to for your life and being:
Money and horſe unjuſtly ye tooke from him,
And ſomething of more note, but for y'are a gentleman.
Fra. It ſhall be ſo, and here *I*'le end all miſeries,

Since

Since friendſhip is ſo cruell, I confeſſe it,
And which is more, a hundred of theſe robberies:
This Ring I ſtole too from him: and this jewell
The firſt and laſt of all my wealth: forgive me
My innocence and truth, for ſaying I ſtole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompence
The thouſand part of his love, and bread I have eaten.
Pray ſee 'em render'd noble ſir, and ſo
I yeeld me to your power.

Mich. Guard him to'th water,
I charge you Saylors, there I will receive him,
And backe convey him to a Iuſtice.

Say. Come ſir,
Look to your neck, you are like to ſayle i'th ayre now.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Maid.

Tho. COme quickly, quickly, quickly, paint me handſomly
Take heed my noſe be not in graine too,
Come *Doll*, *Doll*, diſen me.

Dor. If you ſhould play now
Your divels parts againe.

Tom. Yea and nay *Dorothy*.

Dol. If ye doe any thing, but that ye have ſworne to,
Which onely is acceſſe.

Tho. As I am a gentleman:
Out with this hayre *Doll*, handſomely.

Doll. You have your breeches?

Tom. I prethee away, thou know'ſt I am monſtrous ticklish,
What do'ſt thou think I love to blaſt my buttocks?

Doll. I'le plague ye for this roguery: for I know well
What ye intend ſir.

Tom. On with my Muffler.
Dol. Ye are a ſweet Lady: come let's ſee you curtſie:
What broke i'th bum, hold up your head.
Tom. Plague on't
I ſhall be piſſe my breeches if I cowre thus.
Come, am I ready.
Maid. At all points, as like ſir
As if you were my Miſtris.
Dol. Who goes with ye.
Tom. None but my fortune, and my ſelfe. *Exit. Tho.*
Dol. Bleſſe ye
Now run thou for thy life, and get before him,
Take the by way, and tell my Coſin *Marie*
In what ſhape he intends to come to coz n her
Ile follow at thy heeles my ſelfe: flie wench
Maid. Ile do it. *Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian and Thomas.

Dol. My Father has met him: this goes excellent
And ile away in time: looke to your skin *Thomas.* *Exit.*
Seb. What, are you growne ſo corne fed gooddy *Gillian.*
You will not know your Father: what vaga'res
Have you in hand, what out leapes, durty heeles
That at theſe houres of night ye muſt be gadding,
And through the Orchard take your private paſſage;
What, is the breeze in your breech, or has your brother
Appointed you an houre of meditation
How to demeane himſelfe: get ye to bed, drab
Or ile ſo crab your ſhoulders: ye demure flut.
Ye civill diſh of ſliced beefe get ye in.
Tho. I wy' not, that I wy' not.
Seb. Is't ev'n ſo Dame
Have at ye with a night ſpell then.
Tho. Pray hold ſir.
Seb. St. *Geoge*, St. *George*, our Ladies knight
He walkes by day, ſo do's he by night,
And when he had her found

He her beat, and her bound,
Vntill to him her troth ſhe plight,
She would not ſtir from him that night.
Tho. Nay then have at ye with a counter-ſpell,
From Elves, Hobs and Fayries, that trouble our Dayries,
From Fire-drakes and fiends, and ſuch as the divell ſends,
Defend us heaven. *Exit.*

Enter Launcelot.

Lan. Bleſſe my Maſter: looke up ſir *I* beleech ye,
Vp with your eyes to heaven.
Seb. Vp with your noſe ſir,
I doe not bleed, 'twas a ſound knock ſhe gave me,
A plaguy mankinde girle, how my braines totters?
Well, go thy waies, thou haſt got one thouſand pound more
With this dog tricke,
Mine owne true ſpirit in her too,
Lan. *In* her, alas ſir,
Alas poore gentlewoman, ſhe a hand ſo heavy
To knocke ye like a Calfe down, or ſo brave a courage
To beat her father? if you could beleeve ſir.
Seb. Who wouldſt thou make me beleeve it was, the divell?
Lan. One that ſpits fire as faſt as he ſometimes ſir,
And changes ſhapes as often: your ſonne *Thomas*:
Never wonder, if it be not he, ſtraight hang me.
Seb. He? if it be ſo,
I'le put thee in my Will, and ther's an end on't.
Lan. *I* ſaw his legs, has Boots on like a Player,
Vnder his wenches cloaths: 'tis he, 'tis *Thomas*
In his own ſiſters cloaths, ſir, and *I* can waſt him.
Seb. No more words then, we'l watch him: thou'lt not be-
How heartily glad *I* am. (leeve *Lance*,
Lan. May ye be gladder,
But not this way ſir.
Seb. No more words, but watch him. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſeptima.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, and Maid.

Mar. WHen comes he?
Doll. Preſently.
Mar. Then get you up *Doll*,
Away, I'le ſtrait come to you: is all ready?
Maid All.
Ma. Let the light ſtand far enough.
Maid 'Tis placed ſo.
Ma. Stay you to entertaine him to his chamber,
But keep cloſe wench, he flyes at all.
Maid I warrant ye.
Mar. You need no more inſtruction?
Maid I am perfect. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Valentine and Thomas.

Tho. MOre ſtops yet? ſure the fiend's my ghoſtly father,
Old *Valentine*: what wind's in his poope?
Val. Lady,
You are met moſt happily: O gentle *Doll*,
You muſt now doe me an eſpeciall favour.
Tom. What is it Maſter *Valentine*? I am ſorely troubled
With a ſalt rheume falne i'my gums.
Val. I'le tell ye,
And let it move you equally: my bleſt Miſtreſſe
Vpon a ſlight occaſion taking anger,
Tooke alſo (to undoe me) your Aunts Nunnery,
From whence by my perſwaſion to redeeme her,
Will be impoſſible: nor have I liberty

To come, and viſite her: my good, good *Dorothy*,
You are moſt powerfull with her, and your Aunt too,
And have acceſſe at all houres liberally,
Speake now, or never for me.

Tho. In a Nunnery?

That courſe muſt not be ſuffered Maſter *Valentine*,
Her mother never knew it: rare ſport for me:
Sport upon ſport, by th' breake of day I'le meet ye,
And feare not man, wee'l have her out I warrant ye,
I cannot ſtay now.

Val. You will not breake?

Tho. By no meanes.
Good night.

Val. Good night kinde Miſtreſſe *Doll*. *Exit.*

Tho. This thrives well,
Every one takes me for my ſiſter, excellent:
This Nunnerys fal ſo pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handſome wenches, and they ſhall know it
If once I creep in, ere they get me out againe:
Stay, her's the houſe and one of her Maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid Who's there?
O Miſtreſſe *Dorothy* you are a ſtranger.

Tho. Still Miſtreſſe *Dorothy*? this geere will cotton.

Maid Will you walke in forſooth?

Tho. Where is your Miſtreſſe?

Maid Not very well: ſhe's gone to bed, I am glad
You are come ſo fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'le comfort her.

Maid Pray make not much noiſe, for ſhe is ſure aſleep,
You know your ſide, creep ſoftly in, your company
Will warme her well.

Tho. I warrant thee I'le warme her.

Maid Your brother has been here, the ſtrangeſt fellow.

Tho. A very rogue, a ranke rogue.

Maid I'le conduct ye
Even to her chamber doore, and there commit ye. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Octava.

Enter Michael, Francis, and Officers.

Mich. COme ſir, for this night I ſhall entertaine ye,
And like a gentleman, how ere your fortune
Hath caſt ye on the worſt part.
Fra. How you pleaſe ſir,
I am reſolv'd, nor can a joy or miſery
Much move me now.
Mich. I am angry with my ſelfe now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience,
Yet any other courſe had been too ſlender:
Yet what to thinke I know not, for moſt liberally
He hath confeſs'd ſtrange wrongs, which if they prove ſo,
How ere the others long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas moſt fit he ſhould come back, and this way
Drinke that: and now to my care leave your priſoner,
I'le be his guard for this night.
Off. Good night to your worſhip.
Mich. Good night my honeſt friends: Come ſir, I hope
There ſhall be no ſuch cauſe of ſuch a ſadneſſe
As you put on.
Fra. Faith ſir, my reſt is up,
And what I now pull, ſhall no more afflict me
Then if I plaid at ſpan-counter, nor is my face
The map of any thing I ſeeme to ſuffer,
Lighter affections ſeldome dwell in me ſir.
Mich. A conſtant gentleman: would I had taken
A feaver when I took this harſh way to diſturb him,
Come walke with me ſir ere to morrow night
I doubt not but to ſee all this blown over. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Quarta.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. I Have dog'd his ſiſter, ſure 'twas ſhe,
And I hope ſhe will come back again this night too:
Sam I have loſt of purpoſe: now if I can
With all the art I have, as ſhe comes backe,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maiden-head, and there's *vindicta.*
They ſtir about the houſe, I'le ſtand at diſtance. *Exit.*

Enter Mary and Dorothy, and then Thomas & Maid.

Doll. Is he come in?
Mar. Speake ſoftly,
He is, and there he goes.
Tho. Good night, good night wench.
a bed diſcovered with a black More in it.
Maid As ſoftly as you can. *Exit.*
Tho. I'le play the Mouſe *Nan*,
How cloſe the little thiefe lyes.
Mar. How he itches?
Doll. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home *Mall*?
Ma. Peace for ſhame.
Tom. In what a figure
The little foole has pull'd it ſelfe together:
Anone you will lye ſtreighter:
Ha, ther's rare circumſtance
Belongs to ſuch a treatiſe: doe ye tumble,
I'le tumble with ye ſtraight wench: ſhe ſleeps ſoundly,
Full little think'ſt thou of thy joy that's comming,
The ſweet, ſweet joy, full little of the kiſſes,
But thoſe unthought of things come ever happieſt.
How ſoft the rogue feeles? Oye little villaine,
Ye delicate coy thiefe, how I ſhall thrum ye?

Your fy away, good servant, as ye are a gentleman.
Ma. Prethee leave laughing.
Out upon ye *Thomas*
What do ye meane to do? ile call the house up,
O god, I am sure ye will not, shall not serve ye,
For up ye goe now, and ye were my Father.
Ma. Your courage wilbe cold anon.
Tho. If it do hang for'
Yet ile be quarterd here first.
Dor. O feirce villaine.
Ma. What would he do indeed *Doll?*
Dor. You had best try him.
Tho. Ile kisse thee ere I come to bed: sweet *Mary.*
Ma. Prethee leave laughing.
Dor. O, for gentle *Nicholas.*
Tho. And view that stormy face, that has so thundered me,
A coldne's crept over't now; by your leave, candle,
And next doore by yours too, so, a pretty, pretty
Shall I now looke upon ye: by this light it moves me.
Ma. Much good may it do you sir.
Tho. Holy saints, defend me.
The devill, devill, devill, devill, O the devil!
Ma. Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, the devill O the devill.
Tho. I am abus'd most damnedly: most beastly,
Yet if it be a she devill: But the house is up,
And here's no staying longer in this Cassock,
Woman, I here disclaime thee; and in vengeance
Ile marry with that devill, but ile vex thee.
Ma. Byr' Lady, but you shall not sir, ile watch ye.
Tho. Plague O your spanish leather hide; ile waken ye:
Devill, good night: good night good devill.
Moore. Oh!
Tho. Rore againe, devill, rore againe. *Ex. Tho.*
Moore. O, O, sir.
Ma. Open the doores before him: let him vanish.
Now, let him come againe, ile use him kinder,
How now Wench.
Moore. Pray lye here your self, next Mistris

And

And entertaine your ſweet heart.
Ma. What ſaid he to thee.
Moore. I had a ſoft bed : and I ſlept out all,
But his kind farewell: ye may bake me now
For O my conſcience, he has made me veniſon.
Ma. Alas poore *Kate* ; ile give thee a new Petticoate,
Dor. And I a Waſtcoate, Wench.
Ma. Draw in the bed Maides,
And ſee it made againe ; put freſh ſheetes on too,
For *Doll.* and I : come Wench, lets laugh an houre now,
To morrow earely, will wee ſee yong *Cellide*
They ſay ſhe has taken Sanctuary: love, & they
Are thicke ſowne, but come up ſo full of thiſtles.
Dor. They muſt needs *Mall*: for 'tis a pricking age grown
Prethee to bed, for I am monſtrous ſleepy.
Ma. A match, but art not thou thy brother ?
Dor. Would I were Wench,
You ſhould heare further.
Ma. Come, no more of that *Doll.* *Exeunt.*

Scena quinta.

Enter Hylas, and Thomas.

Hyl. I Heard the doores clap: now, and't be thy will, wench
By th' mas ſhe comes : you are ſurely melt faire gen-
I take it Miſtris *Doll*, *Sebaſtians* daughter. (tlewoman,
Tho. I take right ſir : *Hylas*, are you feretting
Ile fit you with a penny worth preſently.
Hyl. How dare you walk ſo late ſo ſweet: ſo weak guarded ?
Tho. Faith ſir, I do no harme, nor none I looke for
Yet I am glad, I have met ſo good a gentleman,
Againſt all chances : for though I never knew ye
Yet I have heard much good ſpoke of ye,
Hyl. Harke ye.
What if a man ſhould kiſſe ye ?
Tho, That's no harme ſir,

Pray God he ſcapes my heard, there lyes the miſchiefe.
Hyl. Her lips are monſtrous rugged, but that ſurely
Is but the ſharpneſſe of the weather: harke ye once more,
And in your eare, ſweet Miſtreſſe, for ye are ſo,
And ever ſhall be from this houre: I have vow'd it.

Enter Sebaſtian and Launcelot.

Seb. Why that's my daughter, rogue, do'ſt thou not ſee her
Kiſſing that fellow there, there in that corner?
Lan. Kiſſing?
Seb. Now, now, now they agree o'th match too.
Tho. Nay then ye love me not.
Hyl. By this white hand *Doll.*
Tom. I muſt confeſſe, I have long deſir'd your ſight ſir.
Lan. Why ther's the Boots ſtill ſir.
Seb. Hang Boots ſir,
Why they'l weare breeches too.
Tom. Diſhoneſt me
Not for the world.
Seb. Why now they kiſſe againe, there
I knew 'twas ſhe, and that her crafty ſtealing
Out the back way muſt needs have ſuch a meaning.
Lan. I am at my ſmall wits end.
Thom. If ye meane honourably.
Lan. Did ſhe nev'r beat ye before ſir?
Seb. Why do'ſt thou follow me?
Thou ralcall ſlave haſt thou not twice abus'd me?
Haſt thou not ſpoil'd the boy? by thine owne covenant,
Would'ſt thou not now be hang'd?
Lan. I thinke I would ſir,
But you are ſo impatient: do's not this ſhew ſir,
(I do beſeech ye ſpeake, and ſpeake with judgement,
And let the caſe be equally conſidered)
Far braver in your daughter? in a ſon now
'Tis nothing, of no marke: every man do's it,
But, to beget a daughter, a man maiden
That reaches at theſe high exploits, is admirable:
Nay ſhe goes far beyond him: for when durſt he,

But when he was drunke, doe any thing to ſpeake of?
This is *Sebaſtian* truely.
Seb. Thou ſayeſt right *Lance*,
And ther's my hand once more.
Tho. Not without marriage.
Seb. Didſt thou heare that?
Lan. I thinke ſhe ſpoke of marriage,
Seb. And he ſhall marry her, for it ſeems ſhe likes him,
And their firſt boy ſhall be my heire.
Lan. I marry
Now ye goe right to worke.
Thom. Fye, fye ſir,
Now I have promis'd ye this night to marry,
Would ye be ſo intemperate? are ye a gentleman?
Hyl. I have no maw to marriage, yet this raſcall
Tempts me extreamely: will ye marry preſently?
Tho. Get you afore, and ſtay me at the Chappell,
Cloſe by the Nunnery, there you ſhall finde a night Priest
Little ſir *Hugh*, and he can ſay the Matrimony
Over without booke, for we muſt have no company
Nor light, for feare my father know, which muſt not yet be
And then to morrow night.
Hyl. Nothing to night ſweet?
Tho. No, not a bit, I am ſent of buſineſſe
About my dowry, ſweet, doe not you ſpoile all now,
'Tis of muh haſte. I can ſcarce ſtay the marriage,
Now if you love me, get you gone.
Hyl. You'l follow?
Tom. Within this houre, my ſweet chicke.
Hyl. Kiſſe.
Tho. A rope kiſſe ye,
Come, come, I ſtand o'thornes.
Hyl. Me thinkes her mouth ſtill
Is monſtrous rough, but they have waies to mend it,
Farewell.
Tom. Farewell, I'le fit ye with a wife, ſir.
Seb. Come, follow cloſe, I'le ſee the end ſhe aymes at,

And if he be a handſome fellow *Launcelot*,
Fiat, 'tis done, and all my ſtate is ſetled. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Abbeſſe, Celide, and Nuns.

Ab. COme, to your Mattins Maids: theſe early houres
My gentle daughter, will diſturb a while,
Your faire eyes, nurterd in eaſe.
Cel. No vertuous mother,
Tis for my holy health, to purchaſe which
They ſhall forget the childe of eaſe, ſoft ſlumbers,
O my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd,
And Love, how like a tyrant, thou raign'ſt in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one inſtant:
Why came I hither that deſire to have
Onely all liberty, to make me happy?
Why didſt thou bring that yong man home, O *Valentine*,
That vertuous youth, why didſt thou ſpeake his goodneſſe
In ſuch a phraſe, as if all tongues, all praiſes
Were made for him? O fond and ignorant,
Why didſt thou foſter my affection
Till it grew up, to know no other father,
And then betray it?
Ab. Can ye ſing?
Cel. Yes, Mother,
My ſorrowes onely.
Ab. Be gone, and to the Quire then. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke ſinging.

Scena Septima.

Enter Michael and Servant, and Francis.

Mich. HA'ſt thou inquir'd him out ?
Ser. He's not at home ſir,
His ſiſter thinks he's gone to th' Nunnery,
Mich. Moſt likely: I'le away, an houre hence ſirha,
Come you along with this yong gentleman,
Doe him all ſervice, and faire office.
Ser. Yes ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Octava.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. WHere haſt thou been man ?
Hyl. Is there nev'r a ſhop open?
I'le give thee a paire of gloves *Sam.*
Sam. What's the matter ?
Hyl. What do'ſt thou thinke ?
Sam. Thou art not married ?
Hyl. By th' maſſe but I am, all to be married,
I am i'th order now *Sam.*
Sam. To whom prethee ?
I thought there was ſome ſuch trick in't, you ſtole from me,
But who, for heaven ſake ?
Hyl. Ev'n the ſweeteſt woman,
The rareſt woman *Samuel*, and the luſtieſt,
But wondrous honeſt, honeſt as the ice boy,
Not a bit before hand, for my life, ſirha,
And of a luſty kindred.
Sam. But who *Hylas* ?
Hyl. The yong gentleman and I are like to be friends a-(gaine,

The

The fates will have it ſo.

Sam. Who, Monſieur *Thomas?*

Hyl. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. O now I ſmell ye *Hylas.*

Do's he know of it?

Hyl. No, ther's the tricke I owe him.

'Tis done boy, we are faſt faith, my youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no tricke in't?

Hyl. None, but up and ride boy:
I have made her no joynture neither, there I have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave wench.

Hyl. She ſhall be, as I'le uſe her,
And if ſhe anger me, all his abuſes
I'le clap upon her Caſſocke.

Sam. Take heed *Hylas,*

Hyl. 'Tis paſt that *Sam,* come, I muſt meet her preſently,
And now ſhalt ſee me, a moſt glorious husband.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Nona.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, Valentine.

Dor. IN troth sir, you never spoke to me.
Val. Can ye forget me?
Did not you promise all your helpe and cunning
In my behalfe, but for one houre to see her,
Did you not sweare it? by this hand, no strictnesse
Nor rule this house holds, shall by me, be broken.
Dor. I saw ye not these two dayes.
Val. Doe not wrong me,
I met ye, by my life, just as yon entred
This gentle Ladies Lodge last night, thus suited
About eleven a clocke.
Dor. 'Tis true I was there,
But that I saw or spoke to you.
Mar. I have found it,
Your brothor *Thomas, Doll.*
Dor. Pray sir be satisfi'd,
And wherein *I* can doe you good, command me,
What a mad foole is this? stay here a while sir,
Whilst we walke in, and make your peace. *Exit.*

Enter Abbesse.

Val. I thanke ye. *squeake within.*
Ab. Why, what's the matter there among these Maids?
Now *benedicite*, have ye got the breeze there?
Give me my holly sprinckle.

Enter 2 Nun.

1 *Nun* O Madam, ther's a strange thing like a gentlewo-
Like Mistresse *Dorothy*, I think the fiend (man,
Crept in to th' Nunnery we know not which way,
Playes revell rowt among us.

Ab. Give me my holy water pot.

1 *Nun* Here Madam.

Ab. Spirit of earth or ayre, I do conjure thee, *squeake within*
Of water or of fire.

1 *Nun* Harke Madam, hark. (bleſt,

Ab. Be thou ghoſt that cannot reſt: or a ſhadow of the
Be thou black, or white, or green, be thou heard, or to be ſeen

Enter Thomas and Cellide.

2 *Nun* It comes, it comes.

Cell. What are ye? ſpeake, ſpeake gently,
And next, what would ye with me?

Tom. Any thing you'l let me.

Cell. You are no woman certaine.

Tom. Nor you no Nun, nor ſhall not be.

Cel. What make ye here?

Tom. I am a holy Fryer.

Ab. Is this the Sipirit?

Tho. Nothing but ſpirit Aunt.

Ab. Now out upon thee.

Tho. Peace, or I'le conjure too Aunt.

Ab. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one, her's my purpoſe:
Out with this Nun, ſhe is too handſome for ye,
I'le tell thee (Aunt) and I ſpeake it with teares to thee,
If thou keptſt her here, as yet I hope thou art wiſer,
Mark but the miſchiefe follows.

Ab. She is a Votreſſe.

Tho. Let her be what ſhe will, ſhe will undoe thee,

Let

Let her but one houre out, as *I* direct ye,
Or have among your Nnns againe.
Abb. You have no project
But faire and honeſt?
Tom. As thine eyes, ſweet *Abbeſſe*,
Abb. I will be ruld then.
Tom. Thus then and perſwade her
But do not iuggle with me, if ye do Aunt.
Abb. I muſt be there my ſelfe.
Tom. Away and fit her.
Abb. Come daughter, you muſt now be rull'd, or never.
Cell. I muſt obey your will.
Abb. That's my good daughter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Decima.

Enter Dorothy, and Mary.

Ma. WHat a coyle has this Fellow kept i'th' Nunnery
Sure he has run the *Abbeſſe* out of her wits.
Do. Out of the Nunnery I think, for we can neither ſee her
Nor the yong *Cellide*.
Mar. Pray heavens he be not teaſing.
Dor. Nay you may thanke your ſelfe, 'twas your owne (ſtructures.

Enter Hylas, and Sam.

Sam. Why there's the gentlewoman,
Hyl. Mas tis ſhe indeed
How ſmart the pretty theefe lookes? 'morrow Miſtreſſe.
Dor. Good morrow to you ſir.

Sam. How strange she beares it?
Hyl. Maids must do so, at first.
Dor. Would ye ought with us, gentlemen?
Hyl. Yes marry would I
A little with your Ladiship.
Dor. Your will sir.
Hyl. *Doll*, I would have ye presently prepare your selfe
And those things you would have with you,
For my house is ready.
Dor. How sir?
Hyl. And this night not to faile, you must come to me,
My Friends will all be there too: For Trunks, & those things
And houshold stuffe, and clothes you would have carried
To morrow, or the next day, ile take order:
Onely, What money you have, bring away with ye,
And Iewels:
Dor. Iewels sir?
Hyl. I, for adornement
There's a bed up, to play the game in, *Dorothy*,
And now come kisse me heartily.
Dor. Who are you?
Hyl. This Lady shalbe welcome too.
Ma. To what sir?
Hyl. Your neighbour can resolve ye.
Dor. The man's fooliſh
Sir, you looke soberly: who is this fellow,
And where's his business?
Sam. By heaven, thou art abus'd still.
Hyl. It may be so: Come, ye may speake now boldly
There's none but friends, Wench.
Dor. Came ye out of Bedlam?
Alas, tis ill sir, that ye suffer him
To walke in th' open ayre thus: 'twill undoe him.
A pretty handsome gentleman: great pitty.
Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'st not cozens,
Hyl. Are not you my Wife? did not I marry you last night
At St. *Michaels* Chappell?
Dor. Did not I say he was mad?

Hyl.

Hyl. Are not you Mistresse *Dorothy*, *Thomas* sister?
Mar. There he speakes sence, but ile assure ye gentleman,
I think no Wife of yours: at what houre was it?
Hyl. S' pretious; you'll make me mad; did not the Priest
Sir *Hugh* that you appointed, about twelve a clocke
Tye our hands fast? did not you sweare you lov'd me?
Did not I court ye, comming from this gentlewomans?
Ma. Good sir, goe sleepe: for if I credit have
She was in my armes, then, abed.
Sam. I told ye.
Hyl. Be not so confident.
Dor. By th' mas, she must sir.
For ile no husband here, before I know him:
And so good morrow to ye: Come, let's goe seeke 'em.
Sam. I told ye what ye had done.
Hyl. Is the devill stirring?
Well, goe with me: for now I wilbe married. *Exeunt.*

Scena Undecima.

Enter Michael, Valentine, and Alice.

Mich. I Have brought him backe againe.
Val. You have don a friendship
Worthy the love you beare me.
Mich. Would he had so too.
Val. O he's a worthy yong man.
Mich. When al's tryde
I feare you'l change your faith: bring in the gentleman.

Enter Francis, and ſervant, and Abbeſſe, and Cellide, ſeverally.

Val. My happy Miſtreſſe too: now Fortune helpe me,
And all you ſtarres, that governe chaſt deſires
Shinne faire, and lovely.

Abb. But one houre, deere Daughter,
To heare your Guardian, what he can deliver
In Loves defence, and his: and then your pleaſure.

Cell. Though much unwilling, you have made me yeeld,
More for his ſake I ſee: how full of ſorrow
Sweet catching ſorrow, he appeares? O love,
That thou but knew'ſt to heale, as well as hurt us.

Mich. Be ruld by me: I ſee her eye faſt on him;
And what ye heard, beleeve, for tis ſo certaine
He neither dar'd, nor muſt oppoſe my evidence;
And be you wiſe, yong Lady, and beleeve too.
This man you love, Sir?

Val. As I love my ſoule, Sir.

Mich. This man you put into a free poſſeſſion
Of what his wants could aske: or your ſelfe render?

Val. And ſhall do ſtill.

Mich Nothing was bard his libertie
But this faire Maide; that friendſhip firſt was broken,
And you, and ſhe abus'd; next, (to my ſorrow
So faire a forme ſhould hide ſo darke intentions,)
He hath himſelfe confes'd (my purpoſe being
Only to ſtop his Iourney, by that pollicy
Of laying fellony to his charge, to fright the Saylors)
Divers abuſes, done, thefts often practis'd,
Moneys, and Iewels too, and thoſe no trifles.

Cell. O where have I beſtrew'd my faith: in neither:
Let's in for ever now, there is vertue.

Mich. Nay do not wonder at it, he ſhall ſay it.
Are ye not guiltie thus?

Fra. Yes: O my Fortune.

Micha.

Mich. To give a proofe I ſpeake not enviouſly
Looke here : do you know theſe Iewels.
Cell. In, good Mother.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Mary : then Sebaſtian and Launcelot.

Val. Theſe Iewels ; I have knowne.
Dor. You have made brave ſport.
Tho. Ile make more, if I live Wench
Nay doe not looke on me : I care not for ye.
Lan. Do you ſee now plaine ? that's Miſtris *Dorothy*,
And that's his Miſtris.
Seb. Peace, let my joy worke eaſely
Ha, boy : art there my boy : mine owne boy, *Tom.* boy,
Home *Lance*, and ſtrike a freſh peece, of wine, the townes (ours,
Val. Sure, I have knowne theſe Iewels.
Alice They are they, certaine.
Val. Good heaven, that they were.
Alice. Ile pawne my life on't
And this is he ; Come hither Miſtris *Dorothy*,
And Miſtris *Mary* : who do's that face looke like :
And view my brother well ?
Dor. In truth like him.
Ma. Vpon my troth exceeding like,
Mich. Beſhrew me,
But much: and maine reſemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: now heaven grant it.
Alice My brother's full of paſſion, I'le ſpeake to him.

Now

Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these jewels?
Fra. Now I'le tell ye,
Because blinde fortune yet may make me happy,
Of whom I had 'em, *I* have never heard yet,
But from my infancy, upon this arme
I ever wore 'em.
Alice 'Tis *Francisco* brother,
By heaven *I* ty'd 'em on: a little more sir,
A little, little more, what parents have ye?
Fra. None
That *I* know yet: the more my stubborne fortune,
But as *I* heard a Merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, di'de a poore man,
When *I* reach'd eighteen yeers.
Alice What said that Merchant?
Fra. He said, an infant, in the *Genoway* Galleyes,
But from what place he never could direct me.
I was taken in a sea-fight, and from a Marriner,
Out of his manly pitty he redeem'd me.
He told me of a Nurse that waited on me,
But she, poore soule, he said was killed.
A letter too, *I* had enclos'd within me,
To one *Castructio* a Venetian Merchant,
To bring me up: the man, when yeers allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, *I* sought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travell
In which *I* found this gentlemans free bounty,
For which, heaven recompenc'd him: now ye have all.
Val. And all the worldly blisse that heaven can send me,
And all my prayers and thanks.
Alice Down o' your knees, sir,
For now you have found a father, and that father
That will not venture ye againe in Gallyes.
Mich. 'Tis true, beleeve her sir, and we all joy with ye.
Val. My best friend still: my deerest: now heaven blesse (thee
And make me worthy of this benefit.

Now

Now my best Mistresse.
Cel. Now sir, *I* come to ye.
Ab. No, no, let's in wench.
Cel. Not for the world, now, Mother,
And thus sir, all my service *I* pay to you,
And all my love to him.
Val. And may it prosper,
Take her *Francisco*: now no more yong *Callidon*,
And love her deerely, for thy father do's so.
Fra. May all hate seek me else, and thus *I* seale it.
Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hyl. Nay, *I* will finde him.
Sam. What doe all these here?
Tho. You are a trusty husband,
And a hot lover too.
Hyl. Nay then, good morrow,
Now *I* perceive the knavery.
Sam. *I* still told ye.
Tho. Stay, or *I*'le make ye stay: come hither sister,
Val. Why how now Mistresse *Thomas*?
Tho. Peace a little,
Thou would'st faine have a wife?
Hyl. Not *I*, by no meanes.
Tho. Thou shalt have a wife, & a fruitful wife, for *I* find
That *I* shall never be able to bring thee children. (*Hylas*
Seb. A notable brave boy. *known son agen.*
Hyl. *I* am very well sir.
Tho. Thou shalt be better *Hylas*, thou hast 7 hundred pound
And thou shalt make her 3 hundred joynture. (a yeer,
Hyl. No.
Tho. Thou shalt boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pound in clothes, looke on her,
A delicate lusty wench, she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: strike hands, or *I*'le strike first.
Dor. You'l let me like?
Mar. He's a good handsome fellow

Play not the foole.
Tho. Strike, brother, *Hylas* quickly.
Hyl. If you can love me, well.
Dor. If you can please me.
Tho. Try that out soon, I say, my brother *Hylas*.
Sam. Take her, and use her well, she's a brave gentlewo- (man.
Hyl. You must allow me another Mistresse.
Dor. Then you must allow me another servant.
Hyl. Well, let's together then, a lusty kindred.
Seb. I'le give thee five hundred pound more for that (word.
Ma. Now sir, for you & I to make the feast full,
Tho. No, not a bit, you are a vertuous Lady,
And love to live in contemplation.
Ma. Come foole, I am friends now.
Tho. The foole shall not ride ye,
There lye my woman, now my man againe,
And now for travell once more.
Seb. I'le bar that first.
Ma. And I next.
Tho. Hold your selfe contented: for I say I will travell,
And so long I will travell, till I finde a father
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd for,
And a state without expectation,
So rest you merry gentlemen.
Ma. You shall not
Vpon my faith, *I* love you now extremely,
And now *I*'le kisse ye.
Tho. This will not doe it, Mistresse,
Ma. Why when we are married, we'l doe more,
Seb. Ther's all boy,
The keyes of all *I* have, come, let's be merry,
For now *I* see thou art right.
Tho. Shall we to Church straight?
Val. Now presently, and there with nuptiall,
The holy Priest shall make ye happy all.
Tho. Away then, faire afore. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.